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# CITIZENSHIP PLAYS

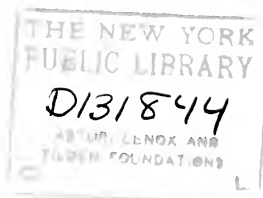
*A DRAMATIC READER for*  
*UPPER GRADES*

*By*  
ELEANORE HUBBARD

*With Drawings by*  
CLARA ATWOOD FITTS



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## TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS

WHAT does history mean to you? Is it alive, or is it dead and buried in the past? Is it a list of dry happenings with drier dates, or is it full of exciting or solemn moments and people doing the things you do, only in a finer, bigger way?

If you had been present at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, do you suppose you would ever think of it as an uninteresting document of long hard words? Would the members of the Convention ever seem far off and unreal? You *can* be present, you *can* take part in the discussion, you *can* sign that memorable paper. If not actually Hancock, Franklin, Jefferson, and the rest, you can have their feelings and experiences by playing that you are those men in this most solemn moment of their lives.

That is acting—entering into the sayings, doings, feelings of others. Clothes have nothing to do with it, scenery has nothing to do with it, the articles you handle have nothing to do with it. It is all in the tones of your voice, the gestures you use, the movements you make—our imagination does the rest. If you are a well-acted Indian we do not need to see the forest, you have made us believe we see one. A ruler is as good as a tomahawk for making us realize your hatred for the whites, and your stately walk and folded arms convince us you are a chief more than the most gayly colored feathers in your hair.

So do not simply read history, act it, feel it, live it! Be Standish, Clara Barton, Lincoln, Washington. Buy Louisiana, invent the cotton gin, cross the plains with the pioneer, raise

the funds for the starving soldiers, and go to the old-time school. Then you will know the makers of our country. You will have worked with them, suffered with them, triumphed with them. Best of all, you will have learned to appreciate and to love better than you ever did before this great country which they have left for us, as honest, loyal citizens, to cherish and protect.

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PART I

IDEALS OF OUR COUNTRY

Abraham Lincoln has declared our government to be “of the people, by the people, and for the people.” In other words, its laws are made *by* the representatives *of* the people *for* the people to obey. All through our history this right of self-government has been insisted upon. There is where our liberty lies: not in freedom *from* law, but in the freedom to make and therefore obey our *own* laws. That is the American ideal. That is the true liberty which it is our inheritance sacredly to guard.



# THE MAYFLOWER COMPACT

## A PLAY IN 1 ACT

We can well realize that when a group of people set out to start a new colony, some sort of contract would be necessary to bind them together, just as men find it convenient to draw up a written business arrangement.

The Pilgrims decided that they needed such an agreement among themselves. They called it a Compact. Let us see why they needed it and what they agreed to in this Compact.

The patent they speak of was a paper giving them permission to settle on English soil in America.

Time: November 21, 1620 (our time—November 11, their time.)

Scene: Cabin of the Mayflower in Provincetown Harbor, Cape Cod.

JOHN CARVER

WILLIAM BRADFORD

EDWARD WINSLOW

WILLIAM BREWSTER

MILES STANDISH

JOHN ALLERTON

ROGER WILDER

WILLIAM TREVOR

ELY, a Seaman

OTHER PILGRIMS

CARVER. You well know, my friends, how our good ship Mayflower has been tossed about on the

ocean like a cork and driven hundreds of miles from its course.

ALLERTON. Save for that goodly iron screw with which I did mend the cracked timber she would have foundered.

CAR. But by the province of God we have made harbor, and I now propose that Captain Miles Standish and a chosen party of men do on the morrow take the small shallop and explore the coast to find suitable landing and settlement.

ALLER. Governor Carver, have you not forgotten that the shallop has been taken apart for stowage between decks? It will take the best part of a week to restore her to condition.

STANDISH. Then shall we go afoot and spy out the land.

WILDER. What! On this wild New England shore! Doth not our patent call for settlement to the south?

CAR. Verily. But the elements and the grace of God hath led us here. Our company is aweary of the sea, and it seems fitting that we should find settlement on this Cape Cod.

WILD. But the patent! It calls not for Cape Cod!

TREVOR (*softly to Wilder*). Sh! Protest not. If so they do make settlement here the patent is not binding, and they cannot hold us to the laws of the company.

WILD. That is so. We can be free to do as we so wish.

ELY. Not having a patent they will have no laws, say you? Hah! No laws, then we can do as we will.

BREWSTER (*overhearing*). Not so! Not so! Wilder, Trevor, and Ely! John Carver, these hired men do threaten lawlessness.

WILD. (*sullenly*). If you abide not by the patent, you cannot hold us.

CAR. (*sternly*). Stay, Roger Wilder! Talk not in that ungodly fashion. We be a God-fearing body, law-abiding, and self-respecting. We hold not with such wilful sayings.

TREV. But so be it there is no authority to make or enforce laws, what doth prevent us doing as we please?

BRADFORD. We, this Pilgrim company, will prevent such misrule. What say you, John Carver, William Brewster, and the rest, to our drawing up a contract to take the place of the patent, whereunto we can put our signatures to make it solemn and binding?

ALL (*except Wilder, Trevor, and Ely*). Ay! Ay!

WINSLOW. In it we can declare the purpose for which we come to these new shores and our decision to make and enforce such laws as will be necessary for the good of the colony.

CAR. And those who sign shall, for themselves and for their families, thereby promise to submit to and obey the laws that shall be so made and so ordered.

ALL. Ay! Ay!

BREWS. (*who has been writing during the discussion*). What say you to this? (*Reads.*)

In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are under-written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereigne Lord, King James, by the Graace of God, of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, etc.

having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony on the northern parts of

Virginia, doe, by these presents, solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together in a civill body politick, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid, and by virtue hereof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just and equall laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete and convenient for the generall good of the Colonie unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape-Cod the 11 of November, in the year of the reigne of our sovereigne Lord, King James, of England, France, and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fiftie-fourth. Anno Domini, 1620.

*(All show approval by various exclamations, "Ay!" "Good!" "'Tis excellent!" "Most fitting!" etc.)*

BRAD. That doth set forth our cause most clearly, and in right proper language.

CAR. And by its acceptance we should bind ourselves in a righteous civic body to make our own laws and to obey them.

BRAD. Ay, it will be "as firm as any patent, and in some respects more sure."

CAR. All those, therefore, who do approve this compact signify by saying "ay."

ALL (*except rebellious three*). Ay! Ay!



“Those who sign . . . promise to submit to and obey the laws.”

CAR. Those opposed say "nay."

*(The three look sullen but no one speaks.)*

BREWS. 'Tis agreed. Then shall we sign?

ALL. Ay!

CAR. The heads of families shall sign as representatives of their wives and children.

ALL. Yea, verily.

CAR. So! *(Writing.)* John—Carver. *(Hands pen to Bradford.)*

BRAD. William — Bradford. *(Pen passes to Winslow, Brewster, Standish, etc. While others are signing, Bradford makes proposal.)* I now propose that we "choose or rather confirm Mr. John Carver our governor for this year."

WINS. Yea! He is "a man godly and well approved amongst us."

ALL. Ay! Ay! Governor John Carver! We confirm John Carver as governor.

CAR. Then with the help of God I shall endeavor to serve the office with justice and righteousness. And may God ever guide our Pilgrim band in his way and truth.

ALL. Amen!

## STAGING

Is it necessary to learn by heart this long Compact? Why not read it from a paper as Brewster did? Do you really have to write when signing the Compact?

Did you notice the quaint, old-time spelling of the Compact? Why did not the Pilgrims let the three men be free to do as they wished?

Several of the men who signed were servants. Does this indicate anything important? What did the signing by the heads of families show? Then what kind of government did it really give the Pilgrims? In what way has the present government of the United States grown out of the Mayflower Compact?



# THE CHARTER OAK

## A PLAY IN 1 ACT

As we saw in the case of the Pilgrims, the English colonies at the time of their settlement were given patents, or charters, or grants. Some of these came directly from the king and allowed the colonists many privileges. Consequently they were highly cherished by their owners, the people of Connecticut being particularly proud of their charter.

Time: Hallowe'en, 1687.

Scene: General Court, Hartford, Connecticut.

GOV. TREAT

JUDGE WYLLYS

MAJ. TALCOTT

SIR EDMUND ANDROS

CAPT. WADSWORTH

GUARD

ENGLISH SOLDIERS

MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL COURT

TREAT (*holding up a letter*). This letter tells me that Sir Edmund Andros expected "to leave Boston on October 26 and should be here at Hartford about the end of next week." That means that he should arrive today.

WYLLYS. And when he arrives there will be an end to our liberties, for he will demand our charter.

TALCOTT. Our charter granted us by King Charles the Second, and giving us more freedom than any other colony in America.

TREAT. Now that Andros has been appointed governor of these colonies we shall no longer be allowed to make our own laws or manage our own affairs.

ALL. We will not give up our charter!

WYL. Our colony is lost if Andros gets his hands on it.

TALC. If we do not give it to him he will order his soldiers to seize it.

TREAT. We must get it away where he cannot find it.

WADSWORTH. But where could we put it if we did take it away? He would have every corner of the colony searched.

WYL. (*slapping his leg*). I know the very place! You remember that big oak tree in front of my house. It is so old that it is hollow inside. There is a small opening in it, just large enough to let the charter box pass through. Once inside, not all the king's soldiers in the land can ever find it.

ALL. Good! We'll do it! (*The sound of marching feet is heard outside. All groan.*) Ah! too late.

WYL. Sh! I have a plan. Here, light these candles. It will be pitch dark in a short time.

(*While the men are lighting the candles on the table, Wyllys whispers and makes gestures to some of them, and they all whisper excitedly together.*)

TALC. Wadsworth, you understand that you are to stay just outside the doors.

(*Capt. Wadsworth nods and goes out. They are just seated again when the doors are thrown open.*)

GUARD (*loudly*). His Excellency the Governor, Sir Edmund Andros.

(*All rise politely as he comes in. Andros sits at head of table and looks around.*)

ANDROS. Gentlemen, you know that His Majesty, King James II, has appointed me to be Governor General of these United Colonies of New England and New York. I have full powers, and I will make your laws for you. Therefore you will have no need of your old Connecticut Charter.

TREAT (*rising quickly*). But, Sir Edmund Andros, we have a right to that charter. The settlers of this colony suffered every hardship, cold, hunger, heat. They fought the Pequot Indians, cleared the land, built homes and churches.

WYL. They came for freedom of government and religion, and that charter has given them and us the right to make our own laws and appoint our own governors.

TREAT. It has made us "independent except in name."

TALC. If you take that charter away, you take away our right of self-government.

ANDR. The King feels that it makes you too independent of England.

TREAT. He cannot say that, for we have always been loyal to the King. But we have ever believed that "government should be with the consent of the people." They alone have the right to make their own laws. The King's charter has given us that right.

ANDR. (*sternly*). But I have His Majesty's orders. Bring out the charter.



“Government should be with the consent of the people.”

*(Gov. Treat gets the charter box from a closet and places it in the center of the table in front of Maj. Talcott.)*

TREAT. Sir Edmund Andros, it is "like giving up life now to surrender the patent and privileges so dearly bought and so long enjoyed."

ALL. It is tryanny!

ANDR. We will debate no longer. In the name of the King I demand that charter.

*(Maj. Talcott slowly lifts up the box as if to give it to him, when suddenly all the lights are blown out and the room is in darkness. There is great confusion and noise, people running about and calling "Where's a tinder box?" "Get a flint!" "Light the candles!" "Who blew out those lights?" "It must be the Hallowe'en witches!" "Yes, yes! It's Hallowe'en! The witches must have done it.")*

ANDR. *(furiously)*. Guard the doors and windows! Don't let any one escape. *(Soldiers all rush for the same door, seize each other and call out "I have him!" "No, I have him!" "Here he is!" etc.)* Hold him! Light those candles! Light those candles! Light those candles! I'll give five pounds to any one

who captures that charter! (*Loudly.*) Strike a light!!

(*The lights are finally lighted, and every man is in his place, calmly looking at Gov. Andros.*)

ANDR. Where is that charter?

TREAT. Where *you* cannot find it.

ANDR. I'll have this whole colony searched.

TREAT. It will do you no good. You cannot find it. As long as we have that charter, not even the King himself can take away our liberty.

ANDR. (*stamping away angrily*). You can't hide it from me long. Captain (*to his officer*), order out your soldiers. Have this place searched from top to toe. Every nook and cranny! That charter must be found. (*He goes out stamping.*)

WYL. But it won't be! Not while he is governor.

TALC. And when he goes—which will be soon, I fancy—(*all laugh*)—we shall bring it out of its hiding place——

TREAT. And be our own rulers again.

ALL. A free people under our own laws!

## STAGING

What can you use for candles? Inkwells with pens in them, pencils stuck in erasers, or some other tall objects? Any small hard substance will do for flint.

Is it necessary to have the room really darkened? Can you, by the confusion and the actors groping make it seem real to us?

Who founded the Connecticut Colony? On what rule of government was it established? Why then did it have a special right to self-government?

Did Andros have trouble in the other colonies? What happened?



# THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

## A PLAY IN 1 ACT

The Declaration of Independence is one of the great documents of the world. It sets forth in fine, clear language without heat or anger the fundamental rights of mankind and the reasons why the colonies were compelled to separate from Great Britain. Before you learn the play read the Declaration in your history and remember, while it thrills your heart, that its adoption was one of the turning points in the history of mankind.

Time: July 4, 1776.

Scene: Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

JOHN HANCOCK

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THOMAS JEFFERSON

ROBERT LIVINGSTON

CHARLES CARROLL

BENJAMIN HARRISON

ROBERT MORRIS

JOHN ADAMS

JOSIAH BARTLETT

SAMUEL ADAMS

RICHARD HENRY LEE

EDWARD RUTLEDGE

ROGER SHERMAN

OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

HANCOCK. Gentlemen, we have met on a most solemn occasion, to decide whether or not we shall declare ourselves free and independent of England.

(*Taps paper on table.*) I have here a paper drawn up by five of our great members, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Roger Sherman, Robert Livingston, and Benjamin Franklin.

LIVINGSTON. Jefferson wrote it. We only made a few changes in the wording.

FRANKLIN. It is excellent. "I should like to have written it myself."

HAN. It sets forth in fine and simple language our cause and our need of freedom.

FRANK. It is only fair that we should let the world know the reasons why we must separate from Great Britain.

JEFFERSON. We believe that "these truths are self evident:—that all men are created equal—"

ALL. Yes!

JEFFER. —that "they are given certain rights by God; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; that governments are made to give people these rights, and that any government which keeps these things from the people is a bad government.

ALL. Yes!

CARROLL. King George has been a tyrant toward these colonies.

HARRISON. He has refused to allow us to make laws that are necessary for the public good.

MORRIS. He has cut off our trade with all parts of the world.

J. ADAMS. He has kept large bodies of armed troops among us.

BARTLETT. He has stirred up the Indians against us.

SHERMAN. He has taken away our charters.

J. ADAMS. He has robbed us on our seas, laid waste our coasts, burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

S. ADAMS (*loudly*). He has put taxes on us without our consent.

ALL (*jumping to their feet and shaking their fists in the air*). No taxation without representation! No taxation without representation!

(*They murmur angrily for a while, then sit.*)

HAN. In all these oppressions we have humbly sent to him asking that they be removed. Instead matters continually grow worse.

S. ADAMS. A king who is such a tyrant is unfit to be ruler of a free people.

ALL. He is!

LEE (*jumping to his feet*). I move, therefore, that these United Colonies are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent states!

J. ADAMS. I second that motion!

(*Great excitement. Cheers. Calls of "Yes!" "Ay, ay!" "Put the vote!" "Independence forever!" Handshakes, slapping on backs, standing on chairs, waving, etc.*)

HAN. (*quieting the men*). Gentlemen! Gentlemen, do you as Representatives of the United States of America, assembled here in this Congress, declare these Colonies free?

ALL (*jumping to their feet*). Ay!

HAN. Do you say that as free and independent states they have the power to make war and peace, form alliances with other nations, carry on trade, and do all the other things which independent states have a right to do?

ALL. Ay!

HAN. Then, praying God to protect us, and to

show our support of this declaration, we pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor. Gentlemen, will you sign?

ALL. Ay! Ay!

HAN. (*placing inkhorn solemnly on the table and taking up quill pen, writes with a large, bold flourish*). John—Hancock! There! The king of England can read that without his spectacles!

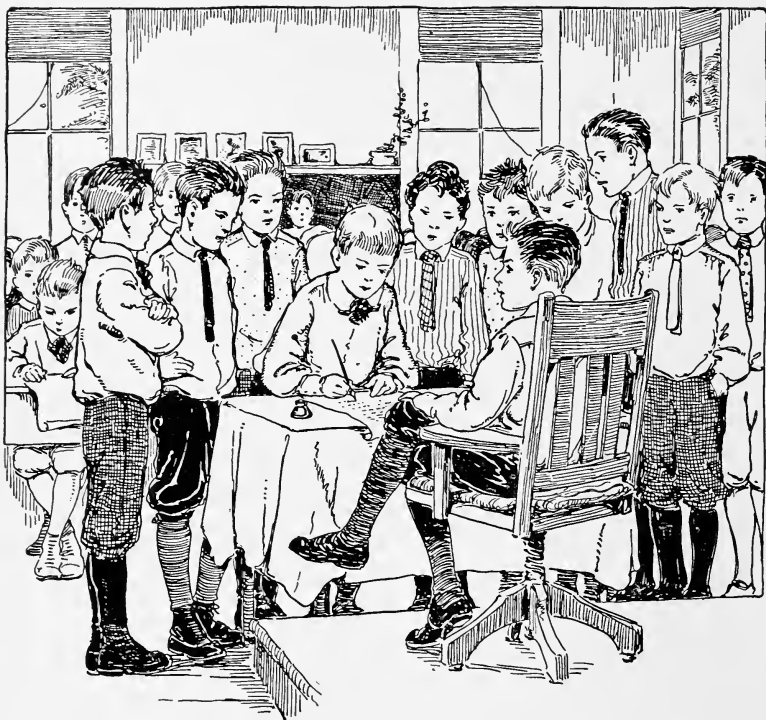
(*He hands the pen to the next signer who passes it down the line until it comes to Samuel Adams.*)

S. ADAMS. Signing won't make me any worse off than I am now. My head is already badly wanted in England. (*Hands pen to other signers, then to Charles Carroll.*) Carroll, you are safe, for there are so many Carrolls in Maryland that the king will not find you.

CARR. Then I will make it certain who I am. (*Writes.*) Charles — Carroll — of — Carrollton! There can be no mistake about that! Now Roger Sherman! They say you never said a foolish thing in your life.

SHERM. But I may be *doing* a foolish one.

HAN. Or a wise one! For you know we must



“It is a great deed, gentlemen, for the natural rights  
of man are its foundation.”

all be unanimous, there must be no pulling different  
ways.

FRANK. Yes. We must all hang together, or  
else we shall all hang separately!

*(All laugh. Several more sign until it is John  
Adams' turn.)*

J. ADAMS. Surely I must sign for I have forty towns of the old Bay Colony at my back.

RUTLEDGE (*signing*). I was brought up in the court of the king, but I learned to be a patriot in the English Parliament listening to the debate on the tea tax.

FRANK. That's right!

HAN. (*as last one signs*). So! It is done! (*All look solemn.*) It is a great deed, gentlemen, for the natural rights of man are its foundation.

ALL. The everlasting rights of justice and freedom!

#### STAGING

Can your entire class take part in this play? If you feel the spirit of the occasion you will have no difficulty with the acting. Need you take time to really write your signatures?

For the convenience of the play we have made all the members sign on July Fourth. How many actually signed on that day? Why then do we celebrate the Fourth?

Why is the Declaration of Independence of such world-wide importance? What other United States documents are world-famous?





PART II

GROWTH OF OUR COUNTRY

There are various ways in which a country can grow. It can acquire territory by exploration, conquest, purchase, treaty. It can also grow internally by immigration, improvement, and invention.

It is interesting to find that the United States has developed in all these directions. Prove this by giving examples.

# "THE LARGEST REAL ESTATE DEAL EVER MADE"

## A PLAY IN 4 ACTS

You remember that France, through her explorations of the Mississippi, held the vast territory of Louisiana on both sides of the river. England, in her French and Indian wars, had won all of the French land east of the river. In 1762 France made a treaty with Spain by which she gave to Spain all the great Louisiana territory west of the Mississippi as far as the Rocky Mountains. About forty years afterwards Napoleon, the great French general and ruler, forced Spain to give Louisiana back to France. So it was first French, then Spanish, then French again.

Now see what happened.

## ACT I

Time: 1803.

Scene: American Embassy in Paris.

CHANCELLOR LIVINGSTON,  
American Ambassador  
to France

JAMES MONROE,  
Special Minister from  
the United States

*(Livingston is writing busily at a table. Monroe enters hurriedly and sits down opposite him.)*

MONROE. Livingston, what does all this mean?

LIVINGSTON (*starting up*). Monroe! I am glad to see you. Have you brought me any instructions from President Jefferson?

MON. Yes. But first let me understand this trouble about New Orleans.

LIV. We're in a bad position there. You know that Napoleon Bonaparte, since he has become so strong in Europe, has forced Spain to give back to France the great Louisiana territory that she used to own.

MON. I know it. It is unfortunate for us.

LIV. Since then he has declared war on England.

MON. (*starting up*). What! France and England at war again! When did that happen?

LIV. Very recently. Just a few weeks ago.

MON. It must have been while I was on the water coming across. Why, with England and France at war in Europe, we in America are shut in between two warring colonies, Louisiana and Canada. That is not pleasant.

LIV. Worse still, Napoleon is going to turn New Orleans into a military station to protect his American territory.

MON. (*walking back and forth*). Ah! so that's the reason he's doing it. President Jefferson heard that New Orleans was to be closed, and that is why he sent me over here. (*Stops in front of table.*) Why, Livingston, New Orleans is the door of the Mississippi River. Through it the products of our Mississippi lands are transported. If the French close that door, the river is useless to our Western settlers.

LIV. (*nodding*). That is where the trouble lies. Unless New Orleans belongs to us we can never have free navigation.

MON. And the trade of our Western settlers will be unprotected.

LIV. There will always be disturbances.

MON. The same dangerous trouble will arise that we had seventeen years ago, in 1786, with the Spanish. You remember, Spain closed the Mississippi and ——

(*Act II is the story Monroe tells. Monroe and Livingston sit quietly in their places during Act II.*)

## ACT II

### SHOWS THE STORY MONROE TOLD

Time: Goes back to the year 1786.

Scene: The shore of the Mississippi River at  
Natchez.

SPANISH GUARDS

KENTUCKY BOATMEN

*(Five Spanish Guards are eating on the shores of the river.)*

1ST SPANIARD *(stretching lazily)*. Ho! Hum! It is not any use guarding here.

2ND SPAN. *(emptying his cup with enjoyment)*. We must, foolish one, or those barbarians of Caintuck will bring their loads down the river.

1ST SPAN. *(sitting erect and looking about fiercely)*. By San Carlos, they cannot! *(Moves his arms about and thumps himself on the chest.)* Is not the river closed? Did not Spain herself-f-f *(thumps himself)* close the Mississippi? How then can the Americanos bring down their boats? Tell me!

3RD SPAN. (*shrugging his shoulders and spreading out his hands*). Oh, those Americanos! They care not! Spain! The King himself! Poof! (*Throws his arms up.*)

4TH SPAN. If we guard the river they cannot come.

5TH SPAN. (*sleepily*). So! It is good! You guard! I sleep! (*Leans his head on his hand and closes his eyes.*)

4TH SPAN. (*kicking the soles of his feet*). Ho! Is it? Not so good! You guard! I sleep! (*Taps himself.*)

5TH SPAN. (*jumping up and whipping out his sword*). Santa Rosa! Am I your pig-dog that you kick me?

(*4th Spaniard snatches his sword and they start fighting. The others sit and watch them with enjoyment, calling out "Good, Pedro!" "Bravo, Luis!" etc. In the midst of the fighting 6th Spaniard rushes in.*)

6TH SPAN. Heu! Heu! The Americanos! The Caintucks! (*The fighters lower their swords.*) They bring their goods! They land! They come!

ALL (*looking around anxiously*). Where? Where! How many?

6TH SPAN. Here! Two!

ALL. Ph! Two! (*Scornfully*.) We are six!

6TH SPAN. Ah, but two *Americanos*! (*Waves his arms about*.) They tall as a tree! The Cain-tucks! They live in the woods! They strong as an ox! They fight six, eight, ten, a hundred. (*He makes a great sweeping gesture with his arm*.)

1ST SPAN. (*closes one eye and nods his head knowingly*). Then we will not fight. We trick them! Hide behind a tree! Shoot! Pht! No *Americanos*!

2ND SPAN. (*shaking his forefinger vigorously*). No, no, no, no, no! Do not shoot! Our captain said no shooting. That makes war.

1ST SPAN. (*disappointed*). Pshaw! Well, we hide! Then jump on them quick and tie them up!

2ND SPAN. Take their boat!

3RD SPAN. And make them go home on foot!

4TH SPAN. Good! Sh! They come! Shoo!

(*All disappear behind trees as the two Kentuckians enter*.)

1ST KENTUCKIAN (*sitting down against a tree*).





“Those sly Spaniards! Trying to close the Mississippi!”

Those sly Spaniards! Trying to close the Mississippi!

2ND KENT. And shut off our trade!

1ST KENT. How can we transport our goods if the river is not open to us?

2ND KENT. Open or closed we'll use it!

*(The Spaniards jump out on them before they can get up. There is a great struggle and noise, but finally the Spaniards overpower them and tie their hands and feet.)*

1ST SPAN. *(standing over them)*. Yah!—Cain-tucks! Now how can you use our Mississippi'?

1ST KENT. *(struggling and sputtering)*. You—you—you—Spaniards!

2ND KENT. Jumping on a man from behind!

1ST KENT. You'll open that river or we'll know why!

2ND KENT. You'll be sorry for this!

2ND SPAN. *(jeering)*. Hah! We take your boat.

3RD SPAN. Our captain will take it in charge.

4TH SPAN. We teach you to use our river.

1ST KENT. *(in a rage, struggling to stand up)*. Don't you dare touch our boat!

2ND KENT. If you take it and if you don't open the river, we'll raise an army of woodsmen!

1ST KENT. They are riflemen! They are dead shots!

2ND KENT. We'll force our way down the river!

1ST KENT. (*loudly*). We'll drive the Spaniards into the sea!

ALL SPAN. (*laughing as they go out*). Yah! Hear the Caintucks talk!

1ST KENT. You'll see, you cowards!

5TH SPAN. (*calling back*). First you must get home to your Caintuck, Americanos.

2ND KENT. (*shouting*). We'll go to our government!

1ST KENT. It will be war!

(*Spaniards laugh in the distance.*)

6TH SPAN. (*outside*). Thanks! A thousand thanks, Señores Americanos, for the, oh, so excellent boat and its very fine cargo!

BOTH KENT. We'll fight! We'll raise Kentucky! We'll open this river if it takes every man west of the Appalachians — we'll — we'll —

### ACT III

Goes back to

Time: As in Act I.

Scene: As in Act I.

LIVINGSTON

MONROE

MARBOIS, the French Minister

SERVANT

MON. And the Spanish left the Kentucky boatmen to make their way back through the wilderness. (*The Kentuckians of Act III go out limping.*) They took their trouble to the government. There was much discussion. Finally a treaty was made with Spain, by which the river was to be kept open while it was in their hands.

LIV. And now it is no longer Spanish, but French.

MON. And the whole trouble comes up again.

LIV. So it will continue to do until New Orleans is ours.

MON. Exactly! Therefore President Jefferson has given me instructions to offer to buy the island of New Orleans from the French.

LIV. Ah!

MON. (*pounding table*). We must have it. It is necessary to our development to own it.

LIV. How much are you instructed to offer?

MON. Ten million dollars for New Orleans and some of the Florida lands.

LIV. I only hope we can get it.

(*Servant enters.*)

SERVANT. Monsieur Marbois, the French Minister, to see the Ambassador.

LIV. Show him in. (*To Monroe.*) Now we shall see what can be done.

(*French Minister enters. Americans rise, and all bow very politely.*)

MARBOIS. I am come in answer to your exquisitely polite request, Monsieur.

LIV. Be seated, Monsieur. I have sent for you to talk over this matter of New Orleans. Is there no way by which it can be arranged satisfactorily?

MARB. But yes, I think it is. It is on that I am come. Our First Citizen Napoleon Bonaparte 'ave said to me to offer to the United States of America for sale the territory entire of Louisiana.

LIV. You mean New Orleans.

MARB. No, no! Louisiana. (*Waves arms.*) All! Entire!

(*Monroe and Livingston look at each other in astonishment.*)

LIV. Er—what price does he ask?

MARB. Sixty million francs.

LIV. Fifteen million dollars!

MON. Including New Orleans?

MARB. New Orleans include'.

LIV. Monsieur. I—I cannot of course give you the answer now. I shall have to consult my government.

MARB. (*bowing*). But yes, that is of a necessity. So, gentlemen, I wish to you a very good day.

MON. and LIV. (*rising and bowing*). Good day, Monsieur.

(*As the Frenchman goes they look at each other.*)

MON. Louisiana!

LIV. All of Louisiana!

MON. For \$15,000,000! And we were going to pay \$10,000,000 for New Orleans and Florida!

LIV. But what shall we do with all that great territory? It will only be a burden on our hands.

MON. At any rate it will give us control of both sides of the Mississippi, that is reason enough to make us accept the offer. But why is Napoleon doing this?

LIV. In my opinion he wants money at once for his war with England.

MON. True! Besides he does not want any land to defend on the American continent.

LIV. (*nods*). Monroe, you must return to America at once, and lay this proposal before President Jefferson.

MON. (*standing*). I will go on the next vessel. (*Shakes hands.*) Livingston, if only the President will take this territory, it will be a wonderful thing for the United States. (*Goes out.*)

#### ACT IV

Time: Three months later.

Scene: As in Act III.

LIVINGSTON

MARBOIS

MONROE

(*Livingston is walking back and forth impatiently. Monroe enters. Livingston goes to him quickly.*)

LIV. Monroe, you've come at last. Tell me! What does President Jefferson say about the Louisiana purchase? What is the decision?

MON. We take it.

LIV. Ah! Was there any trouble?

MON. There was much discussion. Some said that most of the land was useless, raising only a little sugar cane and cotton, good only for Indian trade. Many declared the "unmeasured world beyond the Mississippi" would be hard for us to govern and defend; and others objected because they said that the Constitution did not give the President the right to purchase land.

LIV. But the President?

MON. He said that necessity gave him the right and that he was resolved to buy Louisiana.

LIV. Good! (*The door opens.*) Ah, Monsieur Marbois, you come in good time.

MARB. I bring the purchase treaty, gentlemen. See! (*He opens the roll of paper. They gather around it.*) Our great Napoleon asks only that the inhabitants of Louisiana be made citizens of your fine country with all its rights and advantages.



LIV. That shall indeed be done, Monsieur, and we are given full powers to sign.

MARB. So! But yes! (*He lays treaty on table and motions to Livingston to sign.*)

LIV. (*taking quill*). "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our whole lives."

MON. (*writing*). And "at one stroke of the pen we more than double the area of the Republic."

MARB. (*signing*). Thus, gentlemen, we conclude "the largest real estate deal ever made."

(*They solemnly shake hands across the table above the treaty.*)

#### STAGING

Be careful to have Livingston and Monroe seated far enough to one side in Act I to allow room for Act II to take place on the same stage without interference. Try to show the difference between the Americans and the Spanish and French by their gestures and manners. Swords? Would rulers serve the purpose?

For about how much a square mile did we buy the Louisiana territory? How many states did the territory form? Discuss the objections of the Americans in Act IV from the present standpoint of products, government and defence, constitutional right of purchase. What other United States territory was acquired by purchase?

# HOW OREGON WAS SAVED FOR THE UNITED STATES

## A PLAY IN 3 ACTS

In 1792 an American fur merchant, Captain Robert Gray, was the first white man to sail up the Columbia River. What did that entitle him to claim? This great territory drained by the Columbia was called the Oregon Country. In 1805 Lewis and Clark in their explorations of the great West entered the headwaters of the Columbia and sailed down it to the Pacific. Thus it would seem that the United States could claim the Oregon Country by what two rights? However, we had rivals for the territory as we shall see.

### ACT I

Time: 1836.

Scene: Whitman home in New York State.

DR. WHITMAN  
MRS. WHITMAN

INDIAN CHIEF  
INDIAN BRAVES

NEIGHBOR

NEIGHBOR (*looking around*). How happy you must be in your pretty new home, Mrs. Whitman.

MRS. WHITMAN. Yes. It is handy to the town,

I have my garden, and I am near my friends. I love my little home.

DR. WHITMAN. And I have my books.

NEIGHB. You will be happy here the rest of your lives.

*(Mrs. Whitman opens door as a knock is heard.)*

MRS. WHIT. *(starting back)*. Indians!

DR. WHIT. Strange Indians! Not the tribes we have around here! *(To Indians.)* You are welcome, friends.

*(Indians stalk in, single file.)*

CHIEF. We come far.

BRAVES. Far! Ugh! *(Spread both arms wide apart.)*

CHIEF *(waving hand toward west)*. From setting sun! Way, way over mountains! High!

BRAVES. Ugh! High! *(Raise both arms above heads.)*

DR. WHIT. High mountains? Far away in the west? Can they mean the Rockies?

INDIANS. Ugh!

DR. WHIT. But that is the Oregon Country and it is more than two thousand miles away!

BRAVES. Ugh! Many moons!

DR. WHIT. Why did you come so far?

CHIEF. We come for book. White man's book.  
Book from Heaven! (*He raises his eyes to heaven.*)

WHITE PEOPLE (*looking at each other*). The Bible!

CHIEF. Ugh! Wonderful book from Heaven.

MRS. WHIT. Where do you suppose they ever heard of the Bible?

DR. WHIT. From some of our Indians perhaps, or from a trapper. We cannot say. It is a wild country, unsettled by white people.

CHIEF. You give us Book?

(*Dr. Whitman looks thoughtfully at the ground.*)

BRAVES. You give us Book?

DR. WHIT. (*with determination*). My friends, I will go with you to Oregon. I will take the Book myself to your Indians. I will teach your Indians about the white man's Book and about the white man's God.

BOTH WOMEN. Go to Oregon!

DR. WHIT. I must go! These Indians are asking for the Bible. I must go and teach them.

MRS. WHIT. Then I will go with you.

NEIGHB. Oh, Mrs. Whitman, you cannot go. You cannot leave your home and friends and everything you love to go into the wilderness.

MRS. WHIT. I shall have my husband, and we will make a new home.

NEIGHB. You will never be able to make the long hard journey. You will die on the way.

MRS. WHIT. If my husband can do it, I can.

DR. WHIT. My dear, we will go together. Chief, you shall have the Book from Heaven. We will take it to you and your Indians in the Oregon Country.

## ACT II

Time: Six years later.

Scene: Trapper's hut in the Oregon Country, in what is now Walla Walla, Washington.

DR. WHITMAN            CANADIAN TRAPPERS            INDIAN

*(A half dozen trappers are sitting around smoking. Dr. Whitman is giving medicine to a sick Indian.)*

DR. WHIT. There, my friend, you will feel better now.



"You will feel better now."

IND. Ugh! You good medicine man.

(*Dr. Whitman works over Indian.*)

1ST. TRAPPER. I caught two fine beavers today.

2ND. TRAP. And I found a bear in my trap. He has a great thick coat.

3RD TRAP. This is a wonderful fur country.

4TH TRAP. It's a good farming country, too.

5TH TRAP. Such great forests for lumbering!

6TH TRAP. I wish some of our Canadians would come down here and settle. Then we could claim this big Oregon Country for the British.

DR. WHIT. (*turning suddenly*). What do you mean? This country belongs to the United States. Years ago our Captain Gray sailed up the Columbia River with the American flag. He was the first white man to sail up this river, therefore all the land around it is ours. That right of discovery is a British law. So Oregon is ours.

1ST. TRAP. But if the British *settle* here the land will belong to them.

7TH TRAP. (*coming in excitedly*). Men, a large company of Canadians has come across the mountains and is going to settle in Oregon!

ALL TRAP. (*shaking hands*). Hurrah! Oregon is ours. The United States is too late!

7TH TRAP. Now the United States will have to give us all this great country.

DR. WHIT. The government shall not give away such a piece of land as this.

7TH TRAP. The English Commissioner is on his way to Washington to make a treaty with your American government. This territory will be given to Great Britain.

2ND TRAP. The settlers are here, the country is ours.

DR. WHIT. I will not let Great Britain take it away from us.

3RD TRAP. What can you do? You cannot stop it. It will be done at your Capital far across the country.

ALL TRAP. Ha! Ha! Ha!

DR. WHIT. Then I will go to Washington.

ALL TRAP. Go to Washington!

1ST TRAP. It is more than two thousand miles away!

2ND TRAP. And it is the middle of winter!



3RD TRAP. You will freeze! You will starve!

4TH TRAP. You cannot go! It will kill you!

DR. WHIT. I must go. We will settle this country ourselves. Oregon must be saved for the United States.

### ACT III

Time: The following spring.

Scene: The Capitol at Washington, D. C.

DANIEL WEBSTER, Secretary of State

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON, English Commissioner

DR. WHITMAN

DOORKEEPER

*(Secretary Webster and Sir George Simpson are bending over a map on the table.)*

WEBSTER. Now what about this Oregon Country? We must decide about the ownership of that.

SIMPSON *(waves his hand carelessly)*. Ah yes! Of course it is not at all valuable.

WEB. That is what I think. Only a "vast worthless area, a region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs."

SIM. Yes, it's hardly worth talking about. We

get a few furs from it, but it is so far away and so difficult to reach that no wagon could ever get there.

WEB. Hm! No wagon, you say? Then it would be hard to settle.

SIM. Very hard. Still, we are willing to take it. As I told you, our trappers get a few furs, but for you it would be only waste land.

*(Voices are heard in a discussion outside.)*

DR. WHIT. I tell you, I must see Secretary Webster!

DOORKEEPER. It is impossible!

DR. WHIT. But I must!

DOORKEEP. I cannot let you in. The Secretary is busy with an English gentleman.

DR. WHIT. An Englishman! If only I am not too late!

*(He breaks past Doorkeeper and comes in breathless, untidy, tired looking.)*

WEB. Sir!

SIM. *(looking through his eyeglass scornfully).*  
Er—what a very strange-looking person!

DR. WHIT. Mr. Webster, I am sorry to come in here so rudely, but I have something important to

say to you—something important to our whole country. It is about Oregon.

WEB. and SIM. Oregon! (*Sir George Simpson starts up, but Dr. Whitman pays no attention.*)

DR. WHIT. I have just come from there.

BOTH. From Oregon!

SIM. In the middle of winter? Nonsense!

WEB. You couldn't! It is more than two thousand miles, over mountains and rivers, across great plains and through deep snow!

DR. WHIT. I had to come! Mr. Webster, (*he pounds on table*) the United States must not give up Oregon.

SIM. (*stepping forward*). Look here, my good man——

(*Dr. Whitman ignores him.*)

DR. WHIT. It is ours. We must not let it go.

WEB. Indeed! But Sir George Simpson tells me it is of no value.

DR. WHIT. It is of the greatest value. It has mighty forests, wide plains, great rivers and mountains. It is a rich country. I have lived there for six years and I know.

WEB. He says it is impossible to get a wagon there, so no settlers would go.

DR. WHIT. That is not so. I myself have taken a wagon there. My wife and I have settled there.

WEB. Women have gone! Ah! (*Thinks a moment.*) Then it is possible for families to make their homes there.

DR. WHIT. It is indeed. Many will go when they know what a fine country it is. I can easily raise more than a thousand immigrants within the next few months.

WEB. (*standing*). Dr. Whitman, I believe you. Your hard and dangerous journey makes me believe you. Sir George, we cannot let England have Oregon Country. We must insist on our right to claim it. You may notify your government of our decision.

SIM. Ah! Then you must open treaty with Great Britain.

WEB. I shall do so at once.

SIM. I will say good afternoon, gentlemen.

(*Webster and Whitman bow. Simpson walks out very haughtily.*)

DR. WHIT. Mr. Webster, the United States will never be sorry that it has kept this valuable territory.

WEB. And it will be entirely through your courageous efforts that it will be saved for us.

*(They shake hands.)*

#### STAGING

Show distinctly the difference between the Americans, the Indians, the trappers, and the Englishman.

For some time England was not willing to give up Oregon, and the American cry was, "the whole of Oregon or none!" "fifty-four forty or fight!" What did this mean? How was it finally settled? By what means then did the United States acquire that territory?

State your opinion of Dr. Whitman.

# ACROSS THE PLAINS IN 1846

## A PLAY IN 3 ACTS

With the acquisition of the great Western territories, pioneers began making their way across the continent as settlers. Think of the hardships, the endurance, and the courage of these men, women, and children!

### ACT I

Time: May, 1846.

Scene: Donner House in Springfield, Illinois.

GEORGIA	} the Donner Children	FATHER
FRANCES		MOTHER
ELIZA		MR. THOMPSON

*(Mother and Eliza are packing clothes in a box.)*

GEORGIA and FRANCES *(rushing in)*. Oh, Eliza! Eliza! Come and see what is driving into the farm yard!

ELIZA. What?

FRAN. There are three great, great big wagons, with big round roofs on them made of cloth. Oh,

such funny things! Almost as large as our house!

ELIZA. Oh, are they the prairie wagons, mother?

MOTHER. Yes, those are the prairie wagons, in which we are going to take our long journey across the Great Plains and over the mountains to California.

GEO. Ooh! Ooh! And we are going to live in them!

MOTH. Yes, my dears. They will be our home for many long months to come.

ALL CHILD. What fun!

FRAN. Come, Eliza, let's go and see them.

*(They run out, while Mother returns to her packing, shaking her head sadly. Enter Father and Mr. Thompson.)*

THOMPSON. And you mean to say, Donner, that you are really going to California?

FATHER. Yes, we have decided to do it. Farm land out there is dirt cheap, and things grow like magic in the wonderful air and sunshine.

THOM. But, man, think of the wild journey! It will take you at least five months, and more if you have bad luck. For hundreds of miles there is not

even a wagon road! Savage Indians are everywhere!

FATH. That is all too true. It will be a hard journey; but in spite of that, six or seven of the neighboring families are going with us, about thirty people in all.

THOM. Is that so?

MOTH. We are glad, because the longer our caravan train is, the less danger there will be of the Indians attacking us.

ELIZA (*running in*). Oh, mother, there are so many oxen in the yard!

(*Frances and Georgia come in.*)

FRAN. Mr. Eddy says there are to be three yoke on each wagon and three extra yoke in case we need them.

(*Mother goes out.*)

THOM. What else are you taking, Donner?

FATH. Five saddle horses and some beef cattle. That is all the livestock.

GEO. And Uno, father! You said we should take Uno!

FATH. Yes, we'll take the dog. He will be use-



ful for hunting prairie rabbits and giving the alarm against prowling Indians.

MOTH. (*from outside*). Come, children, help me carry out the things that we are to pack in the wagons.

ALL CHILD. (*rushing out*). Oh, yes!

THOM. How will you manage to take all you need?

FATH. In one wagon I shall have our camping outfit, tents and food and clothing for the journey, besides several large barrels for the water supply.

THOM. Those will be very necessary.

(*Children hurry in with bundles and boxes in their arms.*)

ELIZA. Oh, father, these boxes are full of beads and necklaces.

FRAN. And in mine is bright-colored cloth.

GEO. And what do you think is in mine?

ELIZA and FRAN. What?

GEO. Looking glasses.

ELIZA and FRAN. Looking glasses!

GEO. Isn't that funny?

FATH. Those are things for the Indians, if they

are unfriendly, or if we need to buy food from them. The second wagon will have our seeds and farming tools and a great load of cloth to trade for land when we arrive. The third wagon is to be our home.

ELIZA. Oh, Georgia, won't it be fun to live in a house on wheels!

FATH. (*patting Eliza's head*). There won't be much fun in it, my child. It will be a long, hard, painful journey. But good things come only through hard work, and we are not afraid.

THOM. (*clapping Father on the shoulder*). Neighbor Donner, I've a mind to go with you and start a new life in the great West, too.

FATH. (*shaking his hand*). Good, friend Thompson! We shall welcome another able-bodied man.

GEO. I'm so glad!

ELIZA (*pulling her away*). Come along, Georgia! We've too much to do to stand talking.

(*All bustle about busily as Thompson goes out.*)

## ACT II

Time: August of the same year.

Scene: The Great American Desert.

GEORGIA

FATHER

FRANCES

MOTHER

ELIZA

MR. THOMPSON

*(The three children come slowly in, fanning themselves with their hats.)*

ELIZA. Oh, Frances, I am so thirsty! Don't you think mother would give me a little cup of water? Just a little cup!

GEO. It's so hot and dusty! It makes my throat dry.

FRAN. You know mother can't give us water now. We mustn't have more than our share. We have to be careful of it, because we don't know how long it will be before we reach a spring. Let's sit down here near this big rock. It will give us a tiny bit of shade.

ELIZA. We have been twice as long crossing the desert as we ought to have been.

GEO. Father says we should have kept more to the south. The message that we found written on the buffalo skull only said west. It should have said southwest, he thinks.

*(Enter Mother, glancing around as if looking for something.)*

MOTH. Children, have you seen any message that a traveller might have left on his way east. Look for something written on an animal skull or a piece of bark, or on a rock.

*(All look around on the ground and examine the rock against which they were sitting.)*

ELIZA *(excitedly)*. Oh, mother! Here's a board with a paper on it. *(Turns the board around.)* Oh, dear! Oh, dear! The birds have pecked the paper off.

MOTH. What a shame! What a shame!

FRAN. Here's a piece of it that the birds dropped.

GEO. Here's another piece.

ELIZA. And another!

MOTH. Bring me all the pieces you can find, and I'll try to put them together. Perhaps there will be enough to puzzle out the note.

*(Mother sits near the rock fitting the pieces together on the board, the children hunting about, bringing pieces to her. Enter Father and Thompson.)*

FATH. It looks bad, Thompson. Very bad! That last message led us astray and our water supply is low. The sun has shrunk the wood in our wagons so that some of them are falling to pieces and will have to be left behind.

THOM. And I have lost some of my oxen.

FATH. We'll lose more if we don't find water soon.

ELIZA *(jumping up from where she has been kneeling beside her Mother)*. Father, mother has fitted together a message. Can you read it, mother?

MOTH. *(slowly)*. "2 days—2 nights—hard driving—southwest—cross—desert—reach water." *(She goes quickly to Donner.)* Father, only two days to water!

CHILD. Goody! Only two days to water!

FATH. Only two days to water! And it *was* southwest as I thought. Thompson, go tell the good news to the others. It will put new life in them.



“Father, mother has fitted together a message.”

MOTH. And, Eliza, you run and get a pitcher of water and a cup. *(She runs off.)* We can have a little of our precious store now, since we are so near to a spring.

FRAN. and GEO. Hurry, Eliza!

*(She comes in with water.)*

ELIZA *(handing cup to Mother)*. Mother first.

MOTH. No! The children first.

ALL. No, no! You! You!

*(Mother drinks, then Frances, Georgia, and Father. Each smiles and looks happy as he or she finishes.)*

ELIZA *(drinking last)*. Ah! Isn't that good? And in two days we can have all the water we want.

### ACT III

Time: January of the following year.

Scene: The snowy side of the Rocky Mountains.

GEORGIA

FRANCES

ELIZA

MOTHER

FATHER

MR. THOMPSON

MR. EDDY

MEMBERS OF THE RESCUE PARTY

*(The three children, in hats and coats, are huddled together.)*

*dled together under a robe in front of a little fire of sticks.)*

ELIZA. B-r-r-r! Isn't it cold!

FRAN. You get in the middle, Eliza. It's warmer there.

ELIZA. No, let Georgia stay there. You always give me the middle place.

FRAN. You're the smallest.

GEO. (*getting up and pushing Eliza over*). Yes, you're the smallest.

ELIZA. It isn't fair for me to have it all the time. Tuck the robe in around your feet, Frances. Pull it up over your shoulder, Georgia.

(*Silence for a moment.*) Oh, girls, wouldn't you like a good piece of hot meat and bread?

FRAN. Don't talk about it.

GEO. I can't bear to think about it, when all we can have is three little squares of tallow fat and half a biscuit a day.

ELIZA. If that last snowstorm hadn't buried our last ox so deep that the men can't find it, we could have had some meat.

GEO. Oh, Eliza, don't keep talking about meat!



FRAN. We were lucky that the snowdrift didn't bury us.

ELIZA. It would have if the men hadn't kept digging us out.

GEO. Oh dear, if father hadn't hurt his hand and been so sick, we shouldn't have been caught in these drifts on the mountains.

FRAN. Do you suppose Mr. Thompson and the men will be able to get help for us?

ELIZA. If only they don't get lost!

GEO. I think they'll come. You know they took the Indian guide and the snowshoes.

*(Mother enters.)*

FRAN. Here is mother with the biscuits.

MOTH. Don't get up, children. Keep as warm as you can. Here, my dears! These are our last biscuits. Half a one apiece, and one-half over. Shall I divide the extra half among you?

CHILD. No. Give it to father. He is sick.

MOTH. Oh, my dears, it is so hard to know what to do! But your father does need it. *(Goes out sadly.)*

ELIZA *(looking at her biscuit)*. I shall eat the

corners of my biscuit, one at a time. Just tiny, teeny bites, and make it last a long, long time.

GEO. I shall hold mine exactly in the middle and eat round and round.

FRAN. I shall take a bite and let it melt in my mouth like the candy suckers we used to have at home in Illinois.

GEO. Look out, Eliza! You've dropped a crumb.

ELIZA and FRAN. Where is it?

ELIZA. Here it is. (*Pops it into her mouth, as Mother enters with Mr. Eddy, who carries a long stick.*)

MOTH. Mr. Eddy, did you find where the ox meat is buried?

EDDY. It is too bad, Mrs. Donner, but we can't find it. We have dug and dug and prodded about with our sticks, but we cannot find it.

MOTH. (*dropping her hands helplessly*). Then our food is all gone.

EDDY. Perhaps the rescuers will come today. I must take another lookout from the tree. (*Goes.*)

ELIZA. Never mind, mother, we can catch the little mice that come into camp and eat them.

FRAN. and GEO. (*horrified*). Eat mice! Eliza! Ooh! We couldn't!

ELIZA. I'd rather eat mice than starve, wouldn't you, mother?

MOTH. (*patting Eliza's head*). Yes, my brave little girl, I would.

EDDY (*rushing in*). They're coming! They're coming! We're saved! We're saved!

CHILD. (*jumping up*). The rescuers! The rescuers!

MOTH. Thank God! I must tell your father.

(*All rush out and come back with Thompson and the rescue party of men. Father enters leaning on Mother's arm.*)

CHILD. Father, they've come!

THOM. Donner, we've come in time.

FATH. *Just* in time! Our food has given out, and we could not have lasted any longer.

THOM. You will be all right now. We have brought food, and sledges, and guides. In two weeks we shall be over the mountains into California. It is a wonderful country, Donner, and it will repay us for all the hardships we have suffered.

FATH. (*as his family gathers around him*). California, the land of promise!

### STAGING

How can you show the difference in the pioneers' feelings in the cold and in the heat? Do you need coats and rugs? Fire of rulers and blackboard erasers.

You will be sad to know that after all the father and mother did not reach their "land of promise" but died on the mountain sides. The children survived, however, and grew up to tell the story of their terrible journey as you have just acted it.

What is your opinion of pioneers? Give as many reasons as you can for the emigration of the early settlers. How did they help the United States? What do we personally owe to them?

# A YANKEE SCHOOLMASTER

## A PLAY IN 2 ACTS

We said that inventions helped make our country grow. Here is one that had a great influence on the United States.

### ACT I

Time: Spring of 1793.

Scene: House at Mulberry Grove on the Savannah River, Georgia.

ELI WHITNEY  
MRS. GREENE

PHINEAS MILLER  
COTTON PLANTERS

*(Mrs. Greene is knitting, Whitney tinkering at a chair with a hammer, when Miller and Planters enter.)*

MRS. GREENE *(rising and curtseying)*. Good day, gentlemen. You are welcome to Mulberry Grove.

MILLER and PLANTERS *(bowing low)*. Good day, Madam Greene.

MRS. GR. Mr. Whitney, these gentlemen are

planters from Savannah. Mr. Whitney comes from the North.

1ST PLANT. (*smiling*). A Yankee, eh?

MRS. GR. A schoolmaster from Massachusetts.

MILL. Are you going to teach here in the South, Mr. Whitney?

WHITNEY. I do not know. I seem to be a jack-of-all-trades. I shall take whatever offers, teaching, tutoring, or practising law. My good friend, Madam Greene, has kindly invited me to stay at Mulberry Grove until I settle upon some occupation.

1ST. PLANT. Madam Greene is always kindness itself.

2ND PLANT. She offers the same hospitality as her husband did, the famous General Nathanael Greene, Georgia's beloved defender in our recent war.

MILL. Georgia will always respect his memory.

MRS. GR. Before he died Georgia showed her gratitude, sir, by presenting him with this beautiful estate of Mulberry Grove.

1ST. PLANT. That is but a small part of the debt, Madam.

2ND PLANT. How do you like the South, Mr. Whitney?

WHIT. I am much interested in the scenes and customs. They are very different from ours.

MILL. Georgia is in a bad way just now. We planters are losing money every day.

WHIT. How is that?

MILL. Cotton is the trouble. It is an unprofitable crop, and yet it is the only thing we can raise on our dry upland soil.

1ST PLANT. The rice planters on the coast are prospering, while we are getting poorer and poorer.

WHIT. Doesn't the cotton grow well?

2ND PLANT. It grows all right, but it isn't salable. There is no profit in it when it takes a man a whole day to pick the seeds out of a pound.

1ST. PLANT. The worst of it is that there is a greater demand for cotton now than there ever was.

WHIT. Why is that?

2ND PLANT. A man named Arkwright in England has invented a new kind of spinning machine, and we could sell any amount of the stuff if we could get it cleaned fast enough.

MILL. It is discouraging. There is no hope for Georgia until we get some quicker way of separating cotton and seeds.

MRS. GR. Why don't you get a way then?

1ST PLANT. (*laughing*). It sounds easy, doesn't it?

2ND PLANT. The man who could invent such a thing would make the South rich and would become a famous man.

MRS. GR. Why don't you ask my friend Mr. Whitney? He is a genius with his hands.

MILL. Is he?

MRS. GR. He earned his way at Yale College by making fiddles, knives, and nails, and by repairing watches for the college and town folk.

2ND PLANT. Quite a variety of things!

MRS. GR. Just since he has been here he has put a new treadle on my spinning wheel, fastened a catch on my frame to hold my quilting firm, and best of all, made me a new kind of needle for my embroidery, much better than my old one.

1ST PLANT. Oh, so you are an inventor as well as a mender, Mr. Whitney?



WHIT. No. It's just a handy knack I have. I used to work around with my father's tools when I was a boy. (*He laughs.*) Once, I remember, my father bought a watch. When all the family were at Meeting, I took the watch apart and put it together again. Luckily it worked all right, or it would have been sad for me. (*All laugh.*)

2ND PLANT. Mr. Whitney, why not think about this thing? Perhaps you *could* do something.

WHIT. My dear sir, I never in my life even saw cotton or cotton seed!

MILL. That's easily arranged. I'll show you cotton enough to more than fill this great room. With the seeds in it, too!

WHIT. (*thoughtfully*). Do you know, I'd like to try it! Mr. Miller, I'll walk over to your Savannah place tomorrow. Of course I can't promise to make anything, but I can at least look at the cotton.

MILL. (*rising*). I shall welcome you gladly, Mr. Whitney. (*Bows.*) Madam Greene, we have had a most pleasant afternoon.

MRS. GR. (*curtseying*). Let us hope, sir, that it will prove profitable as well as pleasant.

*(All men bow and back out of room bowing. Whitney follows in deep thought.)*

## ACT II

Time: Winter of the same year.

Scene: Whitney's workroom in Savannah.

ELI WHITNEY  
MRS. GREENE

PHINEAS MILLER  
COTTON PLANTERS

*(Whitney is working around a square, boxlike machine. A knock comes at the door.)*

WHIT. Come in!

*(Mrs. Greene enters.)*

MRS. GR. *(excitedly)*. Eli Whitney, do you really think you've made a machine?

WHIT. I hope I have.

*(Miller enters hurriedly.)*

MILL. *(in the same tone as Mrs. Greene)*. Whitney, do you really think you've made a machine?

WHIT. *(smiling)*. I've made something that seems to do the work.

*(Enter the two Planters in the same way.)*

BOTH PLANT. Whitney, do you really think you've made a machine?



“Whitney. do you really think you’ve made a machine?”

WHIT. (*laughing*). Here’s what I’ve done. You can see for yourself whether or not it works. (*All crowd around the machine, watching eagerly.*) See, these big round cylinders inside the box roll over each other when we turn this handle outside. These iron teeth tear the cotton from the seeds, the brushes

sweep off the cotton through these bars, and the seeds drop down to the bottom.

MILL. (*excitedly*). Why, man, in that minute you cleaned as much cotton as it would take a man a whole day to do by hand!

1ST PLANT. At that rate one man could clean about five thousand pounds a day instead of only one pound!

2ND PLANT. Five thousand pounds! Mr. Whitney, you have done a great thing for the world and a great thing for us.

MRS. GR. I told you he could do it! Did you have a hard time, Eli?

WHIT. It was slow and discouraging at first, because I hadn't the right tools to work with. I had no money to buy them with, so I had to make them before I could go on.

MRS. GR. Now, isn't he a genius!

MILL. and PLANT. He certainly is!

(*Whitney shakes his head smilingly.*)

MRS. GR. What do you call your invention?

WHIT. The cotton gin. Gin is a contraction of the word engine.

MILL. Well, well, well! And to think what that little cotton gin is going to mean to the South!

MRS. GR. And don't forget, gentlemen, that you owe it all to a Yankee schoolmaster.

*(They pat Whitney on the back and shake hands, then gather around the gin again, talking excitedly.)*

#### STAGING

What could you use for the gin? Would an ordinary box do?

How did this invention affect the growth of the South? Did it have any influence on the North? What great event in our history did it help to cause?

Name some other inventions that directly affected the growth of the country. Tell the important qualities an inventor must have. Discuss the proverbs, "Necessity is the mother of invention," "Genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains."



PART III  
ACTIVITIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT

The government! What does that mean to us? Do we ever come in direct contact with it? In war time we realize it in every soldier and sailor that we see, but how about peace? Then, also, the long arm of the government is stretched over us to make this a safe, happy, and prosperous country for us to live in.

Name some things it does for our safety. For our happiness. For our prosperity. Think of the millions of dollars that are spent yearly for our benefit and be proud that we are the citizens of the finest country beneath the great round sun.



# A COLONIAL SCHOOL

## A PLAY IN 1 ACT

Next to civil and religious freedom the United States places the education of its people. Why? While the schools are directly run by the towns or cities or states, the Federal government has done a great deal for education in giving enormous grants of land, as large as the entire area of the British Isles, for school purposes and agricultural colleges.

Even in colonial times the people had their schools. We should find them strange indeed, but they had a great influence on the founding and the building of our nation. In what way?

Time: About 1693.

Scene: Schoolroom in Boston, Massachusetts.

SCHOOLMASTER EZEKIEL CHEEVER

THOMAS TORREY

JOSHUA WAITE

JONATHAN CARTER

FEARING PERKINS

DAVID BONNER

ELIPHALET FLEETWOOD

JOHN BARNARD

WAITSTILL WINTHROP

JOSEPH SEWELL

SAMUEL BAXTER

OTHER BOYS

*(Schoolmaster Ezekiel Cheever sits in a high-backed chair in the middle of the room. Boards*

*are resting on pegs driven between the log walls all around the room and benches are set in front of them. There are stools and stumps of trees in the middle of the room for other seats. There are no blackboards or maps on the walls.)*

CHEEVER. Thomas Torrey, it is nigh upon eight o' the clock. Ring you the bell to summon the boys from their play. *(Thomas clangs the handbell outside the door. The boys troop in, taking off their caps and bowing to the Schoolmaster as they enter.)* Jonathan Carter, heap on the logs in the fireplace. It is a cold morning and many of the lads have come from a distance.

JONATHAN. Master Cheever, David Bonner's father has not sent the load of wood which he must supply.

CHEEV. Has he not, indeed? David Bonner, hither! *(David steps out.)* Your father has not obeyed the law of the colony, which orders him to furnish his share of the winter's heating.

DAVID. P-p-please, sir——

CHEEV. Enough! Sit you in yonder coldest corner and let the ones whose fathers have sent the

wood be the ones to profit by the warm fire. (*David goes to the cold corner, looking longingly at the fire and rubbing his cold hands. A scuffle is heard between two of the boys at the fireplace. Master raps sharply on the desk with his big ruler.*) John Barnard! What is the cause of this unseemly behavior?

JOHN. Please, sir, Joseph Sewell is trying to put my warming stones into the fire, instead of leaving them on the hearth to warm.

CHEEV. Joseph!

JOSEPH. Well, sir, when I did call at his house on coming to school and did exchange my cold pocket stones for warm ones, he had purposely heated them so hot that when I put my hands into my pockets to warm them I did burn them on the stones.

CHEEV. (*shaking his head*). John Barnard, you are a disturber of the peace. You continually stir up Joseph to trouble. Without you he would be a good boy. Therefore, hark ye well, John! If Joseph so much as pipes a word wrong this day, I will punish you for it. Now get you to your seats and mind your manners.

JOHN (*mumbling and doubling up his fist at Joseph*). And if I am punished for anything you do, I will drub you heartily in your turn. Look you to it!

(*They, with the other big boys, sit on the benches facing the walls with their backs to the fire. The younger boys sit on the stools and tree stumps.*)

CHEEV. (*striking desk with ruler*). We shall now recommend ourselves to the care of God. (*All bow their heads.*) May the Lord in his mercy bless and keep you, and direct and prosper your study.

ALL. "Let spotless innocence and truth  
Our every action guide,  
And guard our inexperienced youth  
From vanity and pride."

CHEEV. (*rapping on desk*). First class in penmanship, prepare! Joshua Waite, you shall have the honor of mending the pens. (*Joshua, with great importance, takes out his knife and cuts the quills into well-shaped pen points.*) What is your wish, Fearing Perkins?

FEARING. Master, may I go to the drinking pail to get water to mix my ink powder in my inkhorn?

CHEEV. Yes, and see that you stir it well. The last ink you made was somewhat thick. Thomas Torrey, give your letters more flourishes and curls. (*To rest of school.*) Second class, study your Lilly's Latin Grammar, "amo, amas, amat." Third class, apply yourselves to the Syllabarium, learning well the pronunciation of the polysyllables. Fourth class, work on Pythagoras his table of fives, once 5 is 5, and so forth. Mind you all that you study aloud. Let no one be silent! (*Loud noise of studying arises. Master sits quietly through it all, looking at papers the writers bring up to him and pointing out improvements to be made on them. Suddenly he strikes his desk sharply. There is instant silence. He points to Jonathan.*) Jonathan Carter, you are studying to yourself! Out loud, boy! Out loud! (*All study again, louder than before, until he raps again.*) Class in syllabication, forward! (*Several boys come forward and make a line along the crack of a board.*) David Bonner, begin the pronouncing of the words of five syllables.

DAVID. Abomination, categorical, con-con-con-scientiousness —

CHEEV. Continue, Joseph.

JOSEPH. Edification, exhorta-exhortatory, hypocritical——

CHEEV. Jonathan!

JONATHAN. Hum-hum-hum-hum-hum——

CHEEV. Nay! Cease “humming”! Since you cannot pronounce “humility” you may *taste* of it. (*All laugh loudly as Master smiles at his joke.*) Therefore take ye the foot o’ the class, and beware, boy, lest you find yourself back in the Dame School coming over the A B C’s of the horn book. For mind you,

“He that ne’er learns his A B C,  
Forever will a blockhead be.”

(*All laugh again as Jonathan, hanging his head goes to the end of the line.*)

“But he that learns the letters fair  
Shall have a coach to take the air.”

Eliphalet, complete the list of words.

ELIPHALET. Mortification, purification, perpetuation.

CHEEV. Class, be seated. Cyphering class, forward. Fearing Perkins, take this sum with you

to your seat. Seventy-five billion, eight hundred thirty-two million, six hundred forty-four thousand, one hundred eighty-seven, into two hundred fifty-nine quadrillion, four hundred seventy-two trillion, one hundred sixty billion, nine hundred fourteen million, seven hundred thirty-eight thousand, ninety-one. (*Fearing takes the sum down on his slate, goes to his seat, and figures for the rest of the school session.*) Waitstill Winthrop, give the rule for finding the Neat in Weights and Measures.

WAITSTILL (*standing on one foot and wriggling around*). De-deduct the — the Tare and Trett. Divide the — the — the —

THOMAS (*prompting him in a whisper*). Suttle by the amount!

CHEEV. (*rapping sharply*). Thomas Torrey, do not endeavor to help him out if he tell it not right. Proceed, Waitstill!

WAITS. Divide the Suttle by the amount. The quotient will be the — the cl-cl-cl — (*John Barnard laughs.*)

CHEEV. (*sternly*). John Barnard, snigger not! Waitstill, take you the dunce stool! Fit on the cap!

*(Waitstill shamefacedly puts on the tall peaked dunce cap and sits on a high stool in the middle of the room.)*

ALL *(pointing)*.

“This is a sight to give us pain.

Once seen ne’er wished to see again.”

CHEEV. Primer class in reading! *(Smaller boys line up at the crack, New England Primer in hand.)*  
Samuel Baxter, begin with G.

SAMUEL. “G—As runs the Glass  
Our Life doth pass.”

2ND BOY. “H—My book and Heart  
Must never part.”

3RD BOY. “J—Job feels the Rod  
Yet blesses God.”

4TH BOY. “K—Proud Korah’s troop  
Was swallowed up.”

5TH BOY *(very loudly)*.

“L—Lot fled to Zoar,  
Saw fiery Shower  
On Sodom pour.”

CHEEV. Softly! Softly! Bawl not in speaking.  
To your seats. It is eleven o’ the clock, time for





"Samuel Baxter, begin with G."

dismissal. (*All stand.*) Fearing, hast finished the cyphering?

FEAR. No, sir.

CHEEV. Sit ye and do it. Likewise our dunce shall spend his nooning here. (*To others.*) Mind your manners in the street.

ALL. Yes, Master.

CHEEV. Run not hastily, nor yet go too slowly.

ALL. No, Master.

CHEEV. Walk you not cheek by jole in crowds, but fall respectfully behind and give the wall to your betters.

ALL. Yes, Master.

CHEEV. Throw naught in the street, nor jeer at the boys of another school.

ALL (*loudly*). Oh, no, Master!

CHEEV. Mind that you are here at one o' the clock, for mind you, this is Thursday, examination afternoon.

ALL (*sadly*). Yes, Master.

(*All look anxious, then bow their heads as Master stands.*)

CHEEV. Pray to the Lord to bless thee with

goodness and peace. Give Him thanks for thy welfare. Good day, boys!

ALL. Good day, Master Cheever!

CHEEV. Forget not your warming stones, for it freezes out o' doors.

*(He stands at the door as each boy takes his warming stones from the hearth and puts them into his pockets. Each boy bows and says "Good day, Master" as he passes out.)*

WAITS. *(whispering to Fearing from the dunce stool)*. Multiplication is vexation——

FEAR. *(crossly)*. Division is as bad!——

BOTH. The Rule of Three perplexes me,  
And Practice drives me *mad!*

*(They hurriedly go back to studying as Cheever turns around and comes slowly back.)*

#### STAGING

Where can you have your fireplace? Under the teacher's desk or table? The tall cone-shaped dunce cap is easily made of drawing paper. See how amusing as well as instructive you make this play.

Why did the boys have warming stones? What do you think of their manner of studying? What was the old-fashioned name for the multiplication tables? For arithmetic?

How many different kinds of arithmetic can you find in the play which we do not study now? It was many years before geography or history were taught. The “Three R’s” were all that were considered necessary. What were they? In addition boys studied Latin and Catechism. Compare their reading books with ours.

The Dame School was the school for little children. The horn book was a thin piece of wood about four or five inches long by two inches wide, upon it a sheet of paper a trifle smaller printed at the top with the alphabet in large and small letters. Below were simple syllables, ab, eb, ib, ob, ub, etc., then came the Lord’s Prayer. This printed paper was covered with a thin sheet of transparent horn — hence the name — which was tacked on with narrow strips of brass.

There was a little handle at the bottom with a hole through which a string could pass to go around the child’s neck. Can you make something similar with cardboard and paper, and play Dame School? Did you ever hear of “Spelling Bees”? Of “Singing Schools”?

Why are schools and colleges free from taxation?

# THE FIRST AMERICAN LIBRARY

## A PLAY IN 1 ACT

Another great aid in education is our Public Libraries. There were no *free* libraries until 1833, but there were many Common Subscription Libraries for some time before that, the first one being established a hundred years previous. You will be interested to see who was its originator.

Time: About 1732.

Scene: Franklin's Stationery Shop in Philadelphia.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	BREINTNAL	} Members of the Philadelphia Library Company
MRS. DEBORAH READ FRANKLIN	POTTS	
DR. BAIRD	GRACE	
ANDREW HAMILTON	SCULL	
TIMOTHEE, Librarian	COLEMAN	
	GODFREY	

*(Mrs. Franklin is at the counter folding newspapers. Dr. Baird and Mr. Hamilton enter.)*

HAMILTON. Good evening, Mistress Franklin.  
Is your husband in his printing house?

MRS. FRANKLIN (*curtseying*). No, sir, he is out

about some business of the shop. He likes to attend to it personally, for "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." But please to sit you down, gentlemen, and wait. He will be back anon.

BAIRD. I shall employ the time in the purchase of some parchment and some blanks, Mistress Franklin. Your paper is the best in Philadelphia.

MRS. FRANK. My husband will have it so, sir.

BAIRD. He is truly an honest man. (*Sits down beside Hamilton.*)

HAMIL. Baird, I have given Franklin the printing of the new paper money of Pennsylvania. You know it was he who got the House to pass the bill to have the new money made.

BAIRD. How does he find time to accomplish all that he does?

HAMIL. As he says, "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy."

BAIRD. Surely "the industry of that man Franklin is superior to anything I ever saw of the kind. I see him still at work when I go home from the club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed."

MRS. FRANK. He would tell you, sir,

“Early to bed and early to rise,

Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

(*She looks out of door.*) But here he comes now,  
with his wheelbarrow.

BAIRD and HAMIL. Wheelbarrow!

FRANK. (*entering with his arms full of printing paper*). Yes, sirs, my wheelbarrow. I am “not above my business and I sometimes bring home the paper I purchase at the stores through the streets on a wheelbarrow.” For “the cat in gloves catches no mice,” and “God helps those that help themselves!”

HAMIL. Franklin, you are an “industrious, thriving young man.”

FRANK. “We have an English proverb that says, ‘He that would thrive must ask his wife.’ It is lucky for me that I have one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself.”

MRS. FRANK. “We keep no idle servants, our table is plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest.”

FRANK. (*laughs*). “But mark how luxuries will



“Here he comes now, with his wheelbarrow.”



enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings."

MRS. FRANK. (*tossing her head*). "For which I have no other excuse or apology to make but that I think *my* husband deserves a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors."

(*All laugh.*)

FRANK. (*patting her arm*). Oh, Deborah, Deborah, "Silks and satins, scarlet and velvet put out the kitchen fire!"

HAMIL. Franklin, I have somewhat of a business nature to discuss with you. I have procured for you the printing of the laws and votes of the House.

FRANK. Hamilton, I am greatly indebted to you. "It is of great advantage to me as well as of great encouragement." Step you into my printing room where we can come to terms.

(*They go out. Enter Members of the Library Company.*)

D13/844

BREINTNAL. Good evening, Mistress Deborah Franklin. May we hold a meeting of the Library Company here?

POTTS. The room in Pewter Platter Alley appears to be out of candles.

GRACE. And Mistress Deborah, good housewife that she is, knows well the dinginess of a dull Pewter Platter.

MRS. FRANK. (*laughing*). Robert Grace, you are ever "a lover of punning." Sit you down, gentlemen, right welcome, and begin. My husband will be with you in a trice.

BREINT. Thanks, good mistress. (*As she goes out, all sit on chairs, boxes, etc.*) Friends and members of the Library Company of Philadelphia, our Subscription Library has now been in existence for three months.

POTTS. During which time Louis Timothee, here, has been librarian as he contracted to be.

SCULL. His time is now up. At this meeting therefore we must elect a new librarian.

COLEMAN. I propose that we elect Benjamin Franklin to the position.

BREINT. It is fitting that he should hold the office, since it was he who suggested the library.

GODFREY. So it was!

BAIRD. Indeed! How did he happen to think of it?

GODFREY. It really started in our Junto Club. Did you ever hear of that Debating Club of ours?

BAIRD. Oh, yes. It is well known and has done much good in Philadelphia.

GODFR. In preparing for our debates on such subjects as politics, the necessity of paper money, and so forth, we had frequent occasion to refer to each other's books.

BREINT. Franklin suggested that we put all our books together in a common library, which would be almost "as good as if each owned the whole."

COLE. We found it most profitable, and after a while, desiring still more books, Franklin proposed to give more people a chance to use them by having it a subscription library.

POTTS. Each subscriber was to pay forty shillings to buy books and to pay ten shillings a year for the use of the library.

GODFR. He found a hundred persons ready to subscribe, and on that fund we made our beginnings.

BAIRD. How do you manage it?

BREINT. "The library is opened one day a week for lending."

TIMOTHEE. The borrowers have to promise to pay double the value of the book if it is not returned.

BAIRD. Is the library popular?

TIM. It is indeed. "Other towns have already imitated it, and reading is now becoming fashionable among our people."

BREINT. I think, Dr. Baird, that you will observe in a few years that our townsmen will "be better instructed and more intelligent than people of the same rank generally are in other countries."

BAIRD. Well, well! That is interesting. I think I should like to become a subscriber.

TIM. Do so. We shall welcome you.

*(Franklin and Hamilton enter.)*

HAMIL. Baird, I am sorry to have kept you waiting.

BAIRD. I have been well entertained. Good night, gentlemen.

ALL. Good night.

FRANK. Good night and thank you, Hamilton. You have brought me great good luck.

HAMIL. Not at all. It is your own good work and industry.

GRACE (*punning*). Or to speak *Franklin* "Diligence is the mother of good luck."

HAMIL. Exactly! (*All laugh as Hamilton and Baird go out.*)

FRANK. Ah! friends, a meeting of the Library Company, I perceive.

BREINT. Yes. Franklin, Louis Timothee's term as librarian is up. Do you think your business will let you take the position?

FRANK. Most certainly it will. "Drive thy business, let not that drive thee." Besides, this library will afford me "the means of improvement by constant study, for which I set apart an hour or two each day."

SCULL. I wish I could find time to do the things you do.

FRANK. (*laughing*). "Industry needs not wish."

COLE (*writing*). So, "the order is made that

Benjamin Franklin's term of office shall be for three months, and that he shall receive for the use and care of the rooms and for his services Three Pounds lawful money." Is that approved?

ALL. Ay! Ay!

GODFR. I propose that we have a catalogue of the books printed for each subscriber. Franklin, what would your "charge be for such an order"?

FRANK. I will design them for presents and make no charge for them.

BREINT. That is most generous, and the Library Company accepts with thanks.

ALL. Ay! Ay!

TIM. Here is a list of the books which we are ordering from London.

FRANK. (*looking it over*). That covers the field well. Now I suggest that we invite our governors to use our library.

POTTS. Do you mean to become subscribers?

FRANK. No. As a matter of courtesy. Let us circulate our books largely, for we do not want them to rust on the shelves. You know, "the key often used is always bright."

BRIENT. That is true. Shall we then do as Franklin suggests?

ALL. Ay! Ay!

BREINT. 'Tis a vote. Is there any other business to come before the meeting? Then the members are dismissed.

*(All stand, except Franklin who is writing.)*

POTTS. What are you doing, Franklin?

FRANK. Copying the catalogue.

COLE. It is late. You can do that tomorrow.

FRANK. "Have you somewhat to do tomorrow, do it today."

SCULL. Franklin, it's no wonder you accomplish so much. You never waste a minute.

FRANK. "Do not waste time. for that's the stuff life is made of."

COLE. You will become a great man, Franklin, if work and study can do it, for you certainly "practise what you preach."

FRANK. *(laughing)*. "When I was a boy my father frequently repeated a proverb of Solomon, 'Seest thou a man diligent in his calling? He shall stand before kings.'"

COLE. That is most encouraging.

FRANK. (*laughing again*). Is it not? "Though I do not think I shall ever literally stand before kings." (*All laugh.*)

ALL. Not likely! Good night, Franklin.

FRANK. Good night! Good night! (*As they go out he goes back to his writing. He looks up again and laughs to himself.*) A tallow chandler's son and printer's boy! No indeed! Not likely!

#### STAGING

Your schoolroom offers a good opportunity for furnishing a stationer's shop.

Discuss the educational possibilities of your Public Library.

What paper did Franklin publish which contained many of his quaint sayings teaching thrift and industry? What other paper did he start which is still in existence as a widely read magazine? What other public works did he start besides the library? What did he invent? Did he ever "literally stand before kings"? What does this prove?



# THE MINTMASTER'S DAUGHTER

## A PLAY IN 2 ACTS

We saw that Franklin was given the printing of the paper money of Pennsylvania. One of the most important duties of a country is the coinage of its money. Even the early colonies found the need of it, and some of them established mints of their own. The following pretty story is told about the daughter of the Massachusetts Mintmaster.

### ACT I

Time: 1674.

Scene: Living-room in the house of Capt. John Hull, of Massachusetts.

HANNAH HULL      SAMUEL SEWALL      CAPT. JOHN HULL

*(Hannah Hull is sitting sewing. A knock is heard. She opens the door and drops a curtsey. Samuel Sewall enters, stops in surprise, then bows low, hand on heart.)*

SEWALL. Oh!—er—I crave your pardon, Mistress. I thought—er—Is this Captain John Hull's house?

HANNAH. Yes, sir.

SEW. Captain John Hull, the Mintmaster of the Colony?

HAN. Yes, sir. My father is the Mintmaster, but at the moment he is away. He hath gone to the wharves to see about the shipment of silver from South America.

SEW. Not here? I am sor—I wanted to see— But it matters not. I can come again. (*Starts to go.*)

HAN. But, sir, would you not like to wait and rest? I fear me, you must be warm from the heat of the sun.

SEW. (*sitting down promptly and putting down his bag*). I thank you, Mistress Hull. The cool of your pretty room is grateful after the glare of the noontide, and my sack hath become somewhat heavy with the length of my journey.

HAN. (*setting a mug before him on the table*). A cooling draught will refresh you. (*He makes a gesture of refusal, but she pushes it toward him and sits down quietly to her sewing.*) My father would wish me to show you hospitality, Master Sewall.

SEW. (*startled*). Why — How — My name is known to you, Mistress!

HAN. Indeed, sir, did you not take your degree at the Harvard College only some months aback?

SEW. And you were there?

HAN. Yea, truly. I was invited by “my kinsfolk to be with them a while at Cambridge.” You did discourse most learnedly in the Latin, Master Sewall.

SEW. (*shaking his head sadly*). Verily I fear me the Latin is too ancient a tongue. It hath the effect of making its students live somewhat too much in the past.

HAN. (*smiling*). It sounded wondrous clever, methought.

SEW. 'Twas but a simple thesis, Mistress. (*Silence awhile. Hannah sews quietly.*) I—I trust your father is finding business good.

HAN. Yes, sir, I thank you. Very good.

SEW. It hath been a good thing for the Colony since the General Court appointed him Mintmaster. Before, it was somewhat troublesome to have to trade with the coinage of England or France or

Spain. And, by my life, those coins had a way of being right scarce at times.

HAN. You speak truly! Then people were forced to barter their goods instead of selling them.

SEW. Yes, and desperate inconvenient it was, too, to have to carry, say, a litter of pigs to the habit-makers if one happened to want a new suit of small clothes and had not the coins wherewith to pay for them. (*Both laugh.*) So I say it is a good thing that we now have a mint in the Colony where we can bring our old silver and have it turned into coins.

HAN. Truly my father's mint is at work continuously, stamping the coin of the Colony:

SEW. And a right neat coin it is — (*takes a shilling from his money bag and examines it*) with its pine tree on one side and 1652 on the other.

HAN. The people keep my father's melting-pot marvelously busy with their broken sword hilts and old silver cans and tankards.

SEW. (*touching his sack with his foot*). 'Tis on that very errand I have come. I have gathered together some old spoons, silver buttons, some silver

shoe buckles rather the worse for wear, and other odd pieces. Think you they will give me some clinking moneys for my pouch to keep company with this lone shilling?

HAN. I doubt it not. (*A step is heard outside.*) But yonder comes my father. He will answer for himself. (*She runs to the door.*) Father! Father! One who hath business is awaiting you within.

HULL (*outside*). Coming, daughter Hannah, coming! (*Stands at the door and calls to his men outside.*) Set those chests in the mint with much care. And look you well that the doors are double-locked. (*Comes in. Sewall rises and bows. Hull nods his head.*) Young master, your humble servant.

SEW. Good day, Captain Hull. I have brought some pieces of broken silver to mint. (*Points to the bag. Hull looks in and nods.*)

HULL. That can well be done. My charge for the work hath been set by the General Court and is one shilling for every twenty shillings I make.

SEW. That shall I gladly pay. And when shall I call for the coins?

HULL. My man William shall take them to you within the week.

SEW. I—I can as easily call, sir. I shall have—er—business this way right frequently, I fancy.

HULL. As you will, young master. (*Picks up bag of silver.*) Now kindly step you this way to the mint, so be it I can take down your name.

SEW. My name is Samuel Sewall, sir.

HULL. We must have it in writing. Likewise we must weigh the silver you are leaving so you may know the number of shillings you are like to get.

SEW. I will attend you. (*Hull goes out. Sewall steps back and bows before Hannah.*) Mistress Hannah, I thank you for your cooling draught and for—for your kind hospitality.

HAN. (*rising and curtseying*). It was what my father would wish, Master Sewall.

SEW. And dare I hope that, should I come for my shillings, you would again be here to give me a cooling draught?

HAN. Mayhap—if the sun doth shine so hotly.

SEW. And should it rain? Must I then do without—er—refreshment?

HAN. Oh, should it rain, I might find it possible to be here—to make a brew of tea!

SEW. Then have I naught to fear. whatever be the weather! (*Both laugh and curtsey and bow.*) Fare thee well, Mistress Hannah.

HAN. Fare thee well, Master Sewall.

(*She goes back to her sewing, smiling, as he goes out.*)

## ACT II

Time: Hannah Hull's wedding day, a year later.

Scene: Mint at Capt. John Hull's house.

CAPT. JOHN HULL	SAMUEL SEWALL	WILLIAM
HANNAH HULL	GOV. BRADSTREET	BRIDAL GUESTS

(*Gov. Bradstreet and Capt. Hull are sitting smoking. Outside can be heard laughter and the murmur of voices.*)

BRADSTREET. A pretty wedding, John Hull! (*Smokes awhile.*) And how like you your new son-in-law?

HULL. He pleases me. (*Smokes awhile.*) Yes, Governor Bradstreet, Son Samuel Sewall pleases me well.

BRADS. He hath the makings of a man. Mark me, honest John, he will some day be of good standing in our community!

HULL. Mayhap! Meanwhile my work begins to bear heavily upon me and 'twill ease my labors to be relieved of the correspondence pertaining to my business. I am of a mind to take Son Samuel for a clerk. Know you, he hath the learning for it.

BRADS. That is well thought of.

HULL. I am getting on somewhat in years——

BRADS. Tut, tut, man! Many a good day will you yet see!

HULL. Indeed so I hope! But time passes, and many a shilling have I minted, my friend, as yonder stout chest will prove. One in twenty is my portion, and that chest is like to bulge with the silver coins I have earned.

BRADS. A goodly dowry Samuel Sewall must have asked with your Hannah!

HULL (*sitting up*). Not so, Governor Bradstreet! Not so! And 'tis that which pleases me. Not a word said he about dowry. Belikes he takes her for herself alone, penniless!



BRADS. One would scarce blame him, Friend Hull. Mistress Hannah Sewall is a right buxom damsel.

HULL. She's a good girl, is my Hannah. Yet to take a portionless bride!

BRADS. As my wife says, "Wisdom with an inheritance is good, but wisdom without an inheritance is better than an inheritance without wisdom."

HULL. Ay! that may be, but he'll not lose by his modesty, hear you. *(Goes to door and calls.)* Hannah! Daughter Hannah! Son Samuel! Hither! *(To his man.)* William, move you out the large money scales. *(Chuckles.)* Watch you well, Friend Bradstreet! 'Tis a jest it pleases me to play.

*(Enter Hannah, Sewall, and bridal guests.)*

HAN. What wish you, father?

HULL. Step you in yon money scales.

HAN. What! In the scales!

HULL. Come, come! Heard you not? In with you! In with her, Samuel!

*(Surprised, Sewall helps her in. Hull and William pull over the chest, while the guests gather around and whisper in amazement.)*

1ST GUEST. What means this?

2ND GUEST. 'Tis strange indeed!

3RD GUEST (*laughing*). Think you the Mint-master means selling her by the pound like an ox?

4TH GUEST. Or pig? (*All laugh softly.*)

5TH GUEST. And upon my word, 'tis no light weight he'd find her!

HULL (*coming up*). True enough! 'Tis no light weight he'll find you, Hannah my dear! She is no dainty miss, Son Sewall.

SEW. (*quickly*). She weighs not an ounce too much, Father-in-Law, and buy her by the pound I would right gladly should you so demand.

HULL (*laughing heartily*). By the pound, would you! Ho! Ho! By the pound! She weighs not an ounce too much! By my life, she does not! What said I, Master Bradstreet? Was I not right?

BRADS. Indeed you were! I tied a goodly knot today when I did marry them.

HULL. And since you think so well of my Hannah, Son-in-law, I'm like to prove you right. (*Opens chest with huge key.*) See, pine-tree shill-



“Hold fast, Hannah!”

ings, my friends! Bags and bags of pine-tree shillings! All honest coin, and all honestly earned in the mint!

ALL GUESTS (*nudging each other*). A goodly sight!

HULL (*beckoning*). Come, Son Samuel Sewall, come! Take you bags of the shillings and place in t'other scale till they balance my weighty daughter! Come, I say! . . . What! You hesitate!

SEW. (*stammering*). I—I—know not——

HULL. Here! This way! In with them! (*Sewall blunderingly piles in the bags.*) Both hands, boy! There she goes!

(*Hannah shrieks a little as the scale rises.*)

ALL GUESTS (*laughing*). Hold fast, Hannah!

HULL. Enough! She balances true! Now, my son, they are yours. Both!

SEW. I—I—did not think——

HULL. I know you did not! But so 'tis!

ALL GUESTS. She's worth her weight in silver in very truth!

HULL. So she is! So she is!

SEW. (*taking Hannah's hand*). 'Tis a handsome

dowry, sir, and for it many thanks; but it needed not the money bags to tell me Hannah's worth.

*(All laugh as he helps her out of the scales.)*

HULL. So! 'Tis good! Ho! Ho! Ho!

#### STAGING

What could you use for the money scales? Would two chairs set back to back serve the purpose?

Did you ever hear of the Salem Witchcraft? Years after his marriage to Hannah Hull, Samuel Sewall was one of the Witchcraft judges, but later confessed his sorrow at the part he had taken in it.

What did the Indians use for money? What did the colonies which had no coinage of their own have to use? What was often used for money in Virginia? What is barter? Do people ever barter now?

# “THE PRICE OF LIBERTY”

## A PLAY IN 1 ACT

Governments as well as individuals must have money in order to live. Likewise they must pay their debts or they will not be honest nations nor trusted by other countries.

How to raise its money, how to make itself and its credit respected were among the great questions which confronted our young government after the Revolution.

Time: 1789.

Scene: Federal Hall in New York City (then the capital of the United States.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON, President

GEN. KNOX, Secretary of War

THOMAS JEFFERSON, Secretary of State

EDMUND RANDOLPH, Attorney General

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Secretary of the Treasury

*(The Members of the Cabinet are seated around a table, looking serious and anxious.)*

WASHINGTON *(walking back and forth in a troubled way)*. Gentlemen of the Cabinet, our new government has a tremendous amount of work to do to get this young country of ours on a good footing.

The first thing we must do is to decide how we can raise money.

KNOX. Yes, we must have money for running expenses.

JEFFERSON. And to pay our war debts.

WASH. The people refuse to take the paper money which the old Continental Congress made.

HAMILTON. Two hundred paper dollars will not pay for one gold dollar's worth of goods.

JEFFER. What is to be done?

WASH. When I asked Robert Morris that question he said, "Ask Alexander Hamilton. He is the man who can tell you." So I have made Alexander Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury.

KNOX. Mr. Hamilton, what do you suggest?

HAMIL. (*standing*). That is a difficult question, sir. I find that our debt is of three kinds, foreign, domestic, and state debt.

RAND. That is so!

JEFFER. We owe gold to France for much of the powder and guns we used in the war.

KNOX. We owe the Revolutionary soldiers over a million dollars in pay.

WASH. We owe our private citizens thousands of dollars.

RAND. And we owe the states money which they lent to the government.

HAMIL. The entire amount of this debt is about \$75,500,000. (*All shake their heads anxiously.*) I call this "The Price of Liberty."

ALL. Yes, yes. That's right. "The Price of Liberty!"

HAMIL. It is an honest debt, gentlemen, and it must be paid honestly (*strikes table*), every dollar of it.

ALL. Yes! Or we can never hold up our heads among the other nations.

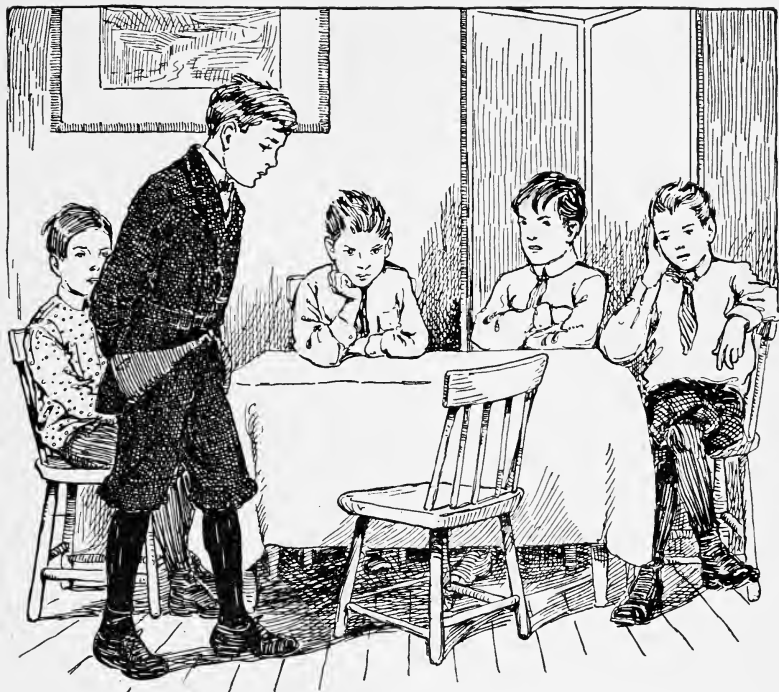
HAMIL. The first thing then is to get the money with which to pay it.

ALL. But how!

HAMIL. First we must issue bonds for our people to buy.

RAND. That will give us money for the present to pay off our immediate debts; but it puts us only deeper into debt, for the bonds must be paid back sometime.





“Gentlemen of the Cabinet, . . . we must . . . decide how we can raise money.”

HAMIL. Of course. But we can meanwhile sell off some of our Western lands, which will give us a fund for that purpose.

ALL. True!

HAMIL. Besides, if the people do buy government bonds, it will give them a real and close interest in the government. They will be part of it.

WASH. Its failure or success will mean much to them personally.

ALL. Excellent! That is a good idea!

HAMIL. Secondly, we can raise money by taxes.

RAND. Isn't that rather dangerous? Taxation caused the war.

HAMIL. Ah, not taxation, but taxation without representation! Taxes to be used for our own benefit and raised by ourselves are a different matter.

ALL. That's so!

JEFFER. What articles would you tax?

RAND. Remember the people are poor after the war and cannot pay a large tax.

HAMIL. I have thought of that and therefore feel that our home-made articles should be free from tariff; but things coming into this country from outside, such as silk or wine, could well be taxed a small sum.

RAND. That will not be hard on the people and it will give us a good sum of money every year for our treasury.

ALL. A good idea!

WASH. I am sure Congress will vote "yes."

HAMIL. Now about the actual money itself!

RAND. Certainly something must be done about that. We are using all kinds of coins, European coins, coins from the different states, old ones and new ones.

WASH. And what is worse, the people in one state will not take the money of another state in payment of debts. That makes much confusion.

JEFFER. We ought to stop using the coins of foreign countries. We are now our own nation.

HAMIL. That is exactly what I want to do. I am going to ask Congress to vote to have a new mint where we can make our own coins—not different ones for the different states, but money for the whole United States.

ALL. Excellent! Excellent!

WASH. It will make the people proud to see their money bearing the words “United States of America”!

HAMIL. Lastly I suggest that we have a national bank from which paper money can be sent for use all over the country. If it is a *national* bank the people can trust it. They will know that the paper

money is good and that the government will always be ready to pay for it in gold or silver.

RAND. That will be a good thing.

KNOX. It will make every one believe in our money.

JEFFER. It will help to put business back on a sound footing.

WASH. Alexander Hamilton, Robert Morris was right when he suggested your name for Secretary of Treasury. If you will put your ideas before Congress I trust they will vote for them that they may become a law.

HAMIL. I hope that in years to come people can say with pride, "Our United States is honest. It has never cheated any one out of a cent. It has paid back with interest every dollar it has borrowed, and its money is good money ——"

ALL. "That can be trusted anywhere!"

WASH. Gentlemen, that is all the business before the Cabinet today.

*(All rise and bow to the President, pick up their papers from the table and go out.)*

## STAGING

The staging presents no difficulties. You have only to show us how serious the Cabinet felt the great questions to be.

What were the “ Western lands ” of which Hamilton spoke? Where does our government get its revenue now? What are some of the things taxed? What do we call the tax on things coming into the country?

During the World War when the government needed to raise enormous amounts of money in a short time what did it do? Who bought these bonds? Why are United States government bonds the safest investment in the world? Why is it a good thing for the country to have its people own its bonds?

Examine different bills and coins of our present money. Discuss the various things you find represented there.

# THE BANKER'S STRATEGY

## A PLAY IN 1 ACT

Hamilton's National Bank proved to be a good thing. People trusted it because the government was behind it. Unfortunately, just before the War of 1812 its charter ran out and was not renewed until after the war. Let us see the trouble that resulted when people did not trust the banks not backed by the government.

Time: 1816.

Scene: Bank in New York City.

BANK PRESIDENT  
TREASURER

BANK DIRECTOR  
TELLER

GENERAL PUBLIC

*(A long line of people is in front of the paying desk. The ones at the end are pushing to get up front, those in front are pushing them back.)*

1ST MAN *(waving paper money in Teller's face)*.  
Look here! I want gold or silver, "hard money," instead of this old paper stuff.

TELLER. But the paper money is just as good.

2ND MAN. No, it isn't. People won't take it.

3RD MAN. It was all right as long as they believed in your bank's being able to pay, but they say now that you haven't enough gold or silver to back all your paper money.

TELL. Of course we have!

ALL. Show it to us! Show it to us!

TELL. How much silver do you want?

1ST MAN. Give me ten dollars for this bill.

TELL. Here you are. (*Man grabs it and goes.*)

2ND MAN (*shoving in a bill*). Mine's a twenty-dollar bill.

(*Teller hands out some silver.*)

4TH MAN (*at end of line*). Are they getting paid?

5TH MAN (*at end*). I think so, but the coin will give out before we get there.

(*They try to push their way farther up in the line. Others push them out, and there is much shoving back and forth while the President of the bank beckons Teller to one side.*)

PRESIDENT (*in low tone*). Do you think we can pay them all?

TELL. I'm afraid not, if they keep up this run



"Show it to us! Show it to us!"



on the bank. If they came as they do in ordinary times we could handle them all right. But this rush! Naturally we need time to get gold and silver.

PRES. Yes, but somehow they seem suspicious of the strength of our bank.

TELL. Someone must have started a story about us.

PRES. (*in despair*). If we could only stop this run, everything would be all right, not only for us but for the people themselves.

TELL. Well, if they break the bank they will be the ones to suffer.

TREASURER (*running in*). Look here, Teller! I've had an idea! We've got to make these people tired of waiting, so I've sent for barrels of small coins. You must pay every paper bill with these fourpence ha'penny pieces no matter how large the sum——

TELL. (*laughing*). The larger the better! It will take some time to count out a thousand dollars in little fourpence ha'penny bits.

PRES. Ha! Ha! So it will! Good, Mr. Treasurer, good!

3RD MAN (*at paying window*). Here, Teller! Come along! What's the matter? Has the money given out?

6TH MAN. I knew it would!

ALL (*shaking fists angrily*). They can't pay for their own paper money! They can't pay!

TELL. Yes, yes! Of course we can. We can pay up every penny of our paper money that's in circulation. We have kegs of silver coming at once.

ALL. Show it to us! Show it to us!

PRES. (*standing up on chair*). Have patience for just one moment, gentlemen. Our men are unloading the kegs now. Just one minute! Ah, here it comes.

TREAS. Barrels and barrels of it.

CROWD. Hurrah!

3RD MAN (*shoving in a bill*). A hundred dollars here!

TELL. A hundred you shall have. (*Starts counting out a hundred dollars in small coins from the barrel.*)

7TH MAN (*while Teller is counting*). I tell you, something must be done about our banking system.

6TH MAN. It certainly must! Things are in terrible confusion. It was all right while Hamilton's bank kept its charter, but when that gave out——

7TH MAN. Just before the War of 1812, wasn't it?

6TH MAN. Yes, then we had to go back to the old system of banking.

7TH MAN. These state banks are all right while we have confidence in them.

6TH MAN. That's just it. Now if we could only have a United States national bank again with a charter from the government——

7TH MAN. And government money in the bank to help steady and control the business of the country——

6TH MAN. Ah, then we could feel secure!

*(Third man goes out with his handkerchief full of coins.)*

TELL. Yours next, sir.

6TH MAN. Yes, yes. A thousand dollars in silver, please. Can you pay it?

TELL. Yes indeed! No trouble at all. *(Starts counting coins from the barrel.)*

9TH MAN. If we did have a national bank again our money would get a central value.

10TH MAN. There would not be such a mixup as we are in now. Why, the same piece of paper money has a different value in every state. We are supposed to have our own American system of dollars and cents, but most people use the English pounds, shillings, and pence.

11TH MAN. And in no two places do those pieces of money have the same value. In England a shilling is about twenty-five cents.

9TH MAN. In New England it's worth  $16 \frac{2}{3}$  cents.

10TH MAN. And here in New York you can only get  $12 \frac{1}{2}$  cents for it.

11TH MAN. In New England they call these little coins fourpence ha' penny, in New York a sixpenny bit, and in New Orleans a picayune.

9TH MAN. In New England it takes six shillings to make a dollar, and in New York it's eight shillings to a dollar.

10TH MAN. No wonder people won't be bothered selling their goods, but prefer to barter them.

7TH MAN (*at end of line*). What's the matter up there? Have they stopped paying?

9TH MAN (*calling back*). No. There are barrels of money here.

8TH MAN. Is that so? I say, it looks all right, doesn't it?

7TH MAN. Seems so!

8TH MAN. I'm getting tired of waiting. I believe the bank must be good. I think I shan't wait any longer.

7TH MAN. I'll go too. I can come in tomorrow or the next day.

8TH MAN (*as they go out*). I don't mind having paper money if they have the silver to back it.

7TH MAN. Nor I.

9TH MAN (*at desk*). Fifty dollars, Teller!

TELL. Right, sir.

(*One by one those at the end of the line begin going quietly off.*)

10TH MAN. I haven't time to wait any longer.

11TH MAN. Nor I. It's too slow for me.

12TH MAN (*to others*). Come on! This bank's all right. They are paying up.

ALL. Yes, come on!

TELL. Don't go, gentlemen! I'll be ready for you when I've counted out this fifty dollars.

ALL. No. It takes too long. We'll come in some other time.

TELL. Any time you like. (*All go.*) There you are, sir. Fifty dollars in silver.

9TH MAN. Thank you. Your bank seems to be all right in spite of the stories.

TELL. Bless you, yes, sir! Of course we are. Good bye! (*Ninth man goes out as Treasurer and President come in.*) Your scheme worked! It worked!

PRES. The bank is saved!

TREAS. And the people are saved!

PRES. Whew! A foolish crowd! Almost ruined us and themselves!

TREAS. Just the same, we must go back to having a national bank again. It is the only thing that will give the people confidence. For after all it is they who suffer when a bank fails.

DIRECTOR (*hurrying in*). Gentlemen, have you heard the news?

ALL. What?

DIRECT. The Second Bank of the United States has been chartered in Philadelphia, with branches in all the big cities of the country.

ALL. Good!

DIRECT. It is to have a capital of \$35,000,000, \$7,000,000 of it being government money.

ALL. Ah!

PRES. That will give a lasting value to paper money——

TREAS. Make money of equal worth in all the states——

PRES. And will put business on a firm footing again.

TELL. I tell you, Alexander Hamilton was a far-seeing man when he established the First United States Bank, and we cannot do better than follow in his footsteps.—But what a day this has been!

PRES. and TREAS. What a day!

TELL. And it's closing time at last!

*(Teller locks the door, and all go out shaking their heads.)*

## STAGING

Try to show the difference between the line in the panic of excitement and the line when confidence was restored. What can you use for silver? Will small pieces of paper serve the purpose? Will a wastebasket do for the money keg?

What did they mean by "hard money"? Why were they afraid of the paper bills? Why did they finally trust the bank again? What is the "capital" of a bank?

Why do we use paper money so confidently? When the World War broke out in Europe the European people would accept nothing but gold in payment. Why?

Examine some of our paper money of various amounts. By whom are they backed? How do you know?



# THE HOMESTEADERS' CHRISTMAS

## A PLAY IN 1 ACT

You remember in the "Price of Liberty" that Hamilton suggested selling the "Western lands" to raise money for government purposes. After the Louisiana Purchase and the acquisition of Oregon and other territories, the "Public Domain," as it is called, consisted of a vast amount of land. For many years the government continued to sell this land for \$1.25 an acre to the pioneers who "preëmpted" or first settled, upon it. This money went to the support of the government.

In 1862 the new Homestead Law was passed, which gives 160 acres of land *free* to the man who makes his home upon it and develops it. He is obliged to build a house and live in it not less than seven months in the year for at least three years. He must cultivate not less than one-eighth of the land. After that he can get the title to the property and it belongs to him. Only citizens of the United States are entitled to this privilege, war veterans being allowed first claim. Why?

Time: Christmas, 1847.

Scene: A pioneer's homestead in Wisconsin.

JIM POND

FATHER

HOMER POND

MOTHER

NEIGHBOR

MOTHER (*washing clothes*). Homer! Homer!

HOMER (*from outside*). Yes, mother?

MOTH. Come and help me with the washing. Take the pounding stick and beat the clothes. Mind you get them clean. I must set the cream in the pan ready for butter making.

(*Homer beats away at the clothes. Mother goes out as Jim enters.*)

JIM (*sitting down wearily*). Whew! That walk to the village is the longest eleven miles I ever trudged.

HOMER. Did you get any mail, Jim?

JIM. I got the New York paper and — (*calls*) Oh, mother! There was a letter for you from Aunty.

MOTH. (*entering in excitement*). A letter for me! Where is it?

JIM. I couldn't get it because there was twelve cents postage to pay.

MOTH. (*disappointed*). Twelve cents postage! Oh dear! I don't know when we'll have twelve cents to pay for it. It may be a month before we can get it. And it would be such a good Christmas present.

JIM. Never mind, mother, perhaps some emigrants will come by soon and want to buy milk or vegetables, and we'll get the pennies together.

HOMER. Or perhaps father will sell the pig for a big price.

MOTH. You are right, boys. Anyway I have the paper to read. . . . Homer, go to the spring and get some water. Be careful, for it is slippery!

HOMER (*taking pail*). It would be a cold bath, sure enough!

JIM (*getting up lazily*). I must feed the chickens and pigs and see to the cow.

(*They go out. A knock is heard, and Neighbor enters.*)

NEIGHBOR. Good afternoon, Mrs. Pond.

MOTH. Good afternoon, neighbor, and Merry Christmas!

NEIGHB. Well, now, is this Christmas Day? So it is! So it is! One day is about like another out here in the wilderness.

MOTH. (*sighing*). Just the same.

NEIGHB. I just stepped over to bring you a taste of venison.

MOTH. Venison! That will be a treat for us. Did you kill a deer?

NEIGHB. Yes, I was lucky enough to find a deer lick in the woods a couple of days ago. I made a torch from a bundle of hickory bark, and that night I took my gun and caught the deer on the way to his deer lick.

MOTH. It is kind of you to give us some of it.

NEIGHB. We thought you might like a bit of fresh meat. We shall eat some of the steaks, and then salt or dry the rest for future use.

MOTH. We shall enjoy it so much. Jerked meat does get tiresome, doesn't it? Now, isn't there anything we can give you in exchange for your kindness? We haven't very much, but you are welcome to some dried peas or corn.

NEIGHB. No, thank you, Mrs. Pond, we have a good supply of those; but we should be glad if you would lend us your last week's newspaper.

MOTH. Yes, indeed! It is little enough we have to read to be sure. (*Hands him the paper.*) I'll be glad when the spring comes so that I can get over to see your wife. But three miles there and three back

is too far to walk in winter, even to see my nearest neighbors.

NEIGHB. You're right, ma'am. This pioneering is hard on the women. But at least we own the land we farm, which we could not afford to do back East.

MOTH. And our home is our own, even if it is only a log cabin twelve by fourteen feet, with one door, one window, and a ladder to get to the garret.

NEIGHB. It is worth a good many hardships to feel that the land is yours. Next spring my brother is coming out here to "land look." When he finds a quarter section that he likes, he will build his pre-emption cabin and live in it three days. That will allow him to hold the land for a year while he goes back and gets his family.

MOTH. That is the way we got our farm. Then after two years we had to sign for it with the government and pay \$1.25 an acre.

NEIGHB. You couldn't get a farm in the East at that price.

MOTH. Indeed you couldn't.

NEIGHB. I think they are going to be worth a great deal of money some day. The soil is fertile,

and, if we can only get horses to work with. we can raise good crops.

MOTH. I hope so. But, neighbor, there is one thing we must have. We need a school for our children. There are about twenty children within ten miles of us, and they can't grow up without schooling.

NEIGHB. You are right, Mrs. Pond. In the spring we shall have to get together and build a schoolhouse.

MOTH. I have some books that my children had at home in New York, a speller, a reader, and an arithmetic.

NEIGHB. We have a few books, too.

MOTH. Altogether we can get enough to go around. It won't matter if they are different. The children can learn from them all right.

NEIGHB. (*standing*). That is a good idea, Mrs. Pond, and I shall talk it over with the neighbors.

MOTH. Mr. Pond has gone to Milwaukee to sell a pig.

NEIGHB. I hope he gets a good price for it.

MOTH. I hope so. Good bye!

NEIGHB. Good bye!

*(He goes out. She goes over to the fireplace and stirs something in a saucepan.)*

JIM *(screaming from outside)*. Mother! Mother! Come quick! Homer has fallen into the spring!

MOTH. *(running out)*. Oh dear! Oh dear! Did you get him out? Is he drowned?

HOMER *(outside)*. I'm all right, mother. It wasn't very deep, but it's dreadfully cold! Like ice! B-r-r-r!

MOTH. *(bustling in)*. Run right up into the garret, child, and change your clothes. Hurry! Jim, get some of the thoroughwort leaves and I'll make a dose of boneset tea. *(She puts some wood on the fire.)* Come, Jim, with that thoroughwort! *(He hands it to her. She puts it in a cup and pours water on it. Homer comes in shivering.)* Homer, sit near the fire and wrap the blanket around you. *(Hands him the cup.)* Drink this boneset tea. You mustn't have a chill.

HOMER. Oh, mother, I don't want the tea. It's so bitter-tasting. I'd rather have a chill.

MOTH. Would you? You must have forgotten

the shakes we all had last summer when we had the ague.

JIM. How our teeth would chatter, even on the hottest day, and we'd hug up to the stove and shiver.

MOTH. Come now, drink it down, Homer.

*(He drinks, making many faces of dislike.)*

HOMER. Ugh! That's nasty!

*(A stamping is heard outside.)*

JIM. Here's father! *(All rush to the door, Homer falling over his blanket.)*

FATHER. Hullo, hullo! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! *(Comes in loaded with parcels.)*

BOYS. Oh, father, you look just like a real Christmas!

FATH. That's what I am. I sold the pig, mother, for a good price, and see what I bought! Here, boys, a pair of shoes for each of you and a pair for myself, and for mother some unbleached muslin for a dress. *(All exclaim and thank him and show each other the things.)* But that isn't all.

ALL. What else?

FATH. I had a few bushels of wheat ground into flour.





“Oh, Father, you look just like a real Christmas!”

MOTH. We can have some bread! And, father, our good neighbor brought over some fresh venison he killed yesterday.

BOYS and FATH. Fresh meat for Christmas! M-m!

FATH. (*putting down more small packages*). And here are salt and pepper and tea.

HOMER. Not boneset tea, father! (*All laugh.*)

FATH. No, real tea.

JIM. Won't we have a feast!

FATH. And there's still a little money left.

MOTH. Father, you—you can't spare twelve cents, can you, that I may have?

FATH. Yes, mother, of course you may have twelve cents. What for?

MOTH. To get my letter from the Post Office.

FATH. Why, certainly! And Jim shall go for it tomorrow.

JIM. That I will, mother.

MOTH. I'll be so glad to get that letter!

FATH. Now, boys, we'll cut a good pile of wood, while mother makes the bread. We'll have a big fire and be warm and comfortable.

BOYS. Just like a real Christmas after all!

HOMER. With a warm house!

JIM. A good dinner!

HOMER. Presents and everything!

BOTH. Isn't it, mother?

MOTH. (*smiling*). Yes, just like a real Christmas!

FATH. And best of all, in a home of our own!

(*All bustle about busily preparing the feast.*)

#### STAGING

How will you beat the clothes? Will a ruler and dust cloths do? What did you use for a fireplace in "A Colonial School"? A waste-basket for a pail?

Notice how even in the wilderness the education of the children was considered of the first importance.

Name some things a pioneer homesteader did not have. Name some he did have. What characteristics was it necessary for him to possess? Why did people leave civilization to settle in the wilderness? Are there still homestead lands to be settled? Where are they likely to be? What other kinds of land could a homesteader use besides farming land?

Why did the government change the law, depriving itself of income? What effect has the new Homestead Act had on the country? What does the government do to make desert lands habitable? To make swamp lands habitable?

# THE PONY EXPRESS

## A PLAY IN 3 ACTS

What was Mrs. Pond's most prized Christmas present in "The Homesteader's Christmas"? Why?

One of the most important of all the government activities is the Postal Department. Did you ever think what a wonderful thing it is to put a 2-cent stamp on a letter, drop it in a mail box, and have it delivered at its destination, no matter how far or how near?

When the West was being opened, one of the great problems was the speedy transportation of mail. At first it was carried on the slow prairie wagons, then on the mail coaches which later ran across the country, driven by such fearless men as "Buffalo Bill." Later still a company of men, planning to speed up the delivery, started a system of mail-carrying called "The Pony Express." It was a remarkable service, and many wonderful and thrilling exploits were performed by its riders. Here is one of them.

### ACT I

Time: Summer of 1860.

Scene: Midway, a town in Nebraska.

EASTERNER

JIM MOORE

WESTERNERS

1ST EXPRESS RIDER

HOSTLER

*(Westerners are sitting around or leaning against the wall. Easterner enters.)*

1ST WESTERNER. Howdy, stranger!

EASTERNER. How do you do, sir.

2ND WEST. New to these parts, aren't you?

EAST. Yes. I just arrived from the East on last night's stage. *(Wipes his forehead.)* Whew! It's hot, isn't it?

3RD WEST. So so! 'Bout as usual.

*(Jim Moore comes out of house across the street.)*

MOORE *(buckling on his gun belt, calls)*. Hey there, hostler! Time to saddle up!

HOSTLER *(from outside)*. Right you are, Jim.

2ND WEST. *(pointing to Moore with his thumb)*. There's the man who knows what heat is.

EAST. Why?

1ST WEST. He's Jim Moore, Pony Express rider.

EAST. Pony Express rider! What do you mean?

1ST WEST. He carries the mail on horseback from here to Julesberg, Colorado, a hundred and forty miles across the plains.

EAST. A hundred and forty miles across those

dusty, fiery hot plains! How many days does it take him?

2ND WEST. Days! Why it takes Jim only about eleven or twelve *hours*.

EAST. No, no! It couldn't be done. No man could ride so far in so short a time.

3RD WEST. Of course it's a hard ride, and he has a two days' rest before starting back; but, stranger, I guess you don't know the Pony Express if you say it can't be done.

EAST. I don't believe I do. Tell me about it.

1ST WEST. That I will, and gladly! You see, the Pony Express carries the mail from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, a journey of two thousand miles.

2ND WEST. Each Express rider has a section to cover of from one hundred to a hundred and fifty miles.

1ST WEST. Every ten or twelve miles of his section there is a little station where he gets a fresh horse.

2ND WEST. When he comes near these stations he lets out a coyote cry, "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" to let

the hostler know he is coming. The hostler has the horse waiting when he gets there.

3RD WEST. The rider jumps from the tired horse on to the new fresh one and is off again at full speed.

2ND WEST. When he reaches the end of his section, the new man is waiting, grabs the mail pouch, and dashes on *his* way.

3RD WEST. And so it goes! Along the hot, level, dusty plain——

2ND WEST. Over the rocky, high, snow-covered mountains——

1ST WEST. Through the wild, fighting-Indian country——

2ND WEST. In storm and wind, in summer and winter——

ALL. They carry the mail!

1ST WEST. The entire journey of two thousand miles is made in ten days!

2ND WEST. And they are hardly known to be even an hour late!

EAST. I never heard of such a thing!

3RD WEST. They are great men, those Express riders. The mails are safe with them.



“He grabs the mail pouch and dashes on his way.”

*(A call “Coo-ee! Coo-ee!” from far off outside.)*

2ND WEST. Here comes the rider from the east.

3RD WEST. Jim Moore will take the mail from him and carry it to Julesberg, a hundred and forty miles west of us.

1ST WEST. He will rest there two days, then bring back the mail going east.



*(A galloping, faint at first, then louder and louder, is heard, ceasing suddenly with a loud "Whoa!")*

MOORE *(outside)*. Howdy, partner! Everything all right?

1ST RIDER. Yes. Ran across an Indian trail and dodged a few bullets, but nothing exciting happened.

MOORE. Good! I'm off! So long!

1ST RIDER. So long, Jim.

*(The galloping begins again, loud at first then fainter and fainter until it dies away.)*

EAST. *(who has been sitting with his mouth open in wonder)*. He dodged some Indian bullets, but nothing exciting happened!

2ND WEST. *(laughing)*. Oh, that's all in the day's work of the Pony Express. *(Easterner goes out, shaking his head in wonder.)*

## ACT II

Time: Eleven hours later.

Scene: Julesberg station.

BILL, Jim's Partner  
JIM MOORE

2ND EXPRESS RIDER  
3RD EXPRESS RIDER

*(Bill is lying on his couch, groaning with pain.)*

*The "Coo-ee" call of Jim Moore is heard and the galloping louder and louder.)*

MOORE (*outside*). Whoa! Hulloo, partner! Made good time today. Eleven hours!

2ND RIDER (*outside*). Bad news, Jim. Bill's sick.

MOORE. Bill sick! (*2nd Rider gallops off, as Moore comes hurriedly in.*) Hulloo, Bill, old partner! What's the matter?

BILL (*faintly*). Rheumatism, Jim, and badly. Worst of it is I can't lift a leg to sit a horse.

MOORE (*startled*). Can't sit a horse! Then how is the Western mail to be carried to Midway?

BILL. I don't know. Partner got the horse ready and I tried to get up, but I couldn't even step out of bed. (*Pauses.*) Guess the mail can't go through today. It's the first time the Pony Express has failed and it's my fault.

MOORE. It's not your fault, old man. You can't help it. And the mail shall go through. It must. I'll carry it myself.

BILL (*starting up but falling back with a groan*). You carry it! Why, man, the rider's due any time

now, and you've just got in from your ride. Flesh and blood couldn't stand a return trip in the same day without a rest.

MOORE. It can and must! I'll ride at top speed to make the time as short as possible.

BILL. You'll kill yourself, Jim!

MOORE. Don't you worry! Now I'll try to snatch a half hour's sleep before he gets here. ("Coo-ee" call is heard.) Too late! I'll grab a bite anyway. (*Snatches up some bread and meat and drinks a cup of water as galloping comes nearer.*)

BILL. Jim, you are a fine partner for a man to have!

MOORE. I'd be glad to do it for you, Bill, but it is the mail I am thinking of. So long!

BILL. So long and good luck!

(*Furious galloping is heard as he rides off at top speed. Bill turns his face to the wall and groans.*)

### ACT III

Time: Twelve hours later.

Scene: As in Act I.

WESTERNERS

EASTERNER

JIM MOORE

1ST WEST. (*squinting up at the sun, calls*). Hey, stranger! (*Easterner appears.*) Sit, won't you? It's noon, and the Pony Express is about due.

EAST. Thank you. I will.

(*A faint "Coo-ee" and galloping are heard.*)

2ND WEST. That's Bill, Jim's partner.

EAST. He's right on time, isn't he?

3RD WEST. Regular as clockwork.

MOORE (*outside, faint and gasping*). Take—the mail! Quick! (*Comes stumbling and reeling in. Westerners rise quickly as Moore staggers toward a chair and falls into it. All crowd around him.*)

1ST WEST. Why, it's Jim!

2ND WEST. What's the matter, Jim?

3RD WEST. Did you meet Indians?

4TH WEST. Did they get you?

5TH WEST. Are you wounded?

6TH WEST. Couldn't you get through?

MOORE (*faintly*). It's—it's—Bill! Sick!

1ST WEST. Where did you see him?

2ND WEST. Where did you come from?

MOORE. Julesberg.

ALL. Julesberg!

3RD WEST. You couldn't! Why, man, you only left here at noon yesterday!

MOORE (*his head nodding with weariness*). Julesberg — I — tell you! Bill's — sick. — No one — to carry — mail. It — must — go through! Brought it — myself.

1ST WEST. Men, he carried the mail to Julesberg and back in twenty-four hours!

ALL WEST. Two hundred and eighty miles! Whew!

2ND WEST. He is a wonder!

3RD WEST. Jim, don't you want some food?

MOORE. No. Go 'way! Let me — sleep. Must — sleep! (*Drops his head down on to his arms on the back of the chair.*) Mails — must — go — through — (*Falls asleep.*)

EAST. (*as all quietly tiptoe off*). Wait till I tell this to the people in the East!

#### STAGING

How can you suggest the galloping sound? Try tapping a book with your four fingers in imitation.

It has been said that "the mightiest implement of democracy is the postal service." Do you believe the statement?

How are the mails delivered in your community? How could they be delivered in northern Alaska? On the plains of Texas? Name all the methods of mail transportation you can think of.

Are the picturesque and adventurous days of the postal service over now? Prove your answer. On August 8, 1920, the first transcontinental mail delivery was made by aëroplane from New York to California. Why should the government establish an aëroplane service when the railroads can be used?

What else does the Post Office do for us besides sending and delivering letters? What other means of communication are there besides postal?

# A RACE ACROSS THE CONTINENT

## A PLAY IN 2 ACTS

You remember the difficulties under which emigrants had to travel across the continent in 1846, and how the mails were carried by coach and Pony Express. These methods were to last until 1869, when a most important event occurred. This was the real unlocking of the great West. What was the key?

### ACT I

Time: Summer of 1866.

Scene: End 'o track in Nebraska.

GEN. DODGE, Chief of Union Pacific Works

GEN. JACK CASEMENT,

Head Contractor of Union Pacific Works

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS

CHEYENNE INDIANS

FOREMEN

CHIEF PORCUPINE

WORKMEN

MAJ. NOTT

PAWNEE INDIANS

*(Workmen are busy digging, carrying railroad ties and tracks, hammering spikes, etc. Outside can be heard noise of chugging engine, dumping of rails and stones, cries of "Back her up!" "Let her go!"*

"Bring on the rails!" *etc. Gen. Dodge and two Reporters watch the scene in silence.*)

1ST FOREMAN (*coming up*). Make that dirt fly, men! This isn't a flower bed you're making. You're building a railroad. (*Men dig faster.*)

2ND FORE. Bring on those railroad ties! Hurry them up! (*Men rush in with heavy ties.*) Steady! Down with them!

3RD FORE. Rail squad, forward! (*Men come forward carrying a pair of rails.*) Down! (*They lay them down slowly on the ties.*) Spikers! Sledgers! (*The spikers push in the spikes, the sledgers hammer them in.*) Graders, cover the ties! (*Graders shovel earth over the ties and stamp it down.*)

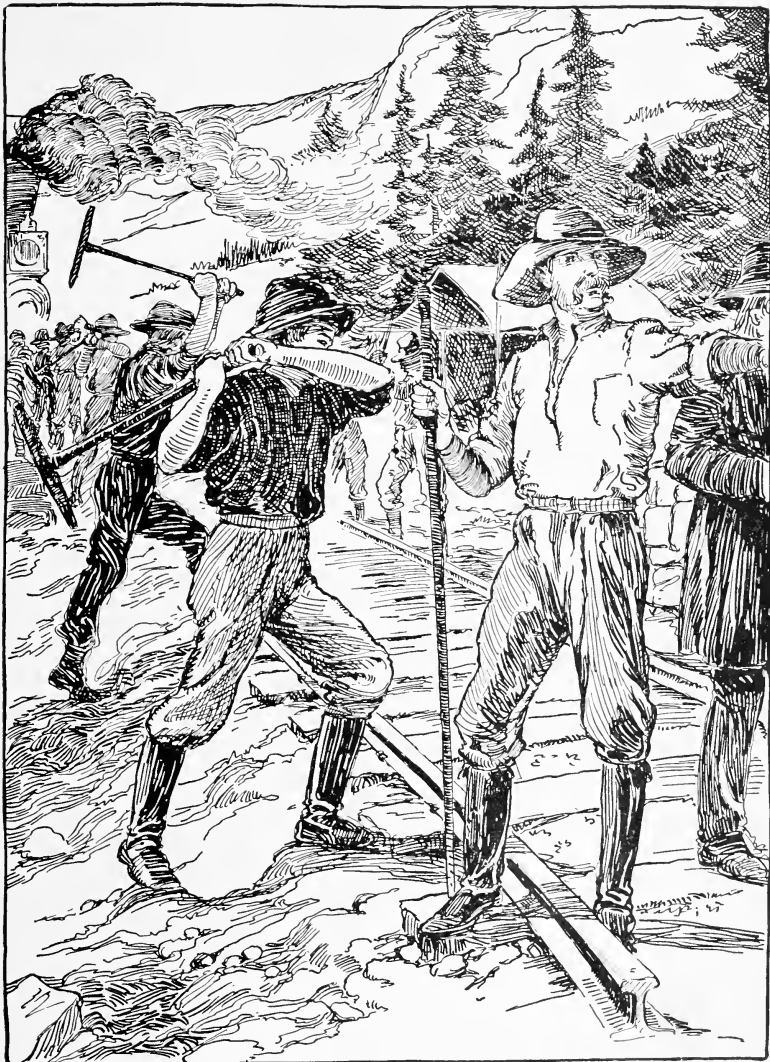
2ND FORE. Forward with more ties. (*The laying is repeated with the next ties and rails.*)

1ST REPORTER. General Dodge, it is a big work, building this great transcontinental railway.

2ND REP. And what difficulties you must have to overcome!

DODGE. Indeed we have! (*Enter Casement.*) But here comes the man who can tell you all about it. General Casement, here are two reporters from





“Make that dirt fly, men! This isn’t a flower bed  
you’re making.”

Eastern newspapers come to see how the railroad is growing.

CASEMENT. End 'o track is pushing out, gentlemen.

DODGE. General Casement is the champion track layer of America.

CASE. (*laughing*). Now, Dodge, that is too big a name. Besides, I'm going to lose my championship if we don't speed up.

2ND REP. How's that?

CASE. You know that we started our Union Pacific Railroad at Omaha and are pushing westward, while another company, the Central Pacific, started at the Pacific end and is pushing eastward to join us.

1ST REP. Where is to be the meeting place?

DODGE. That's just what we don't know.

CASE. And why we are both rushing to see who can push the meeting place farther from his starting place.

2ND REP. Why? I should think the shorter railroad you had to build the better pleased you'd be.

1ST REP. Have you forgotten that the govern-

ment has offered to give many acres of land and thousands of dollars for every mile of railroad built and telegraph wire strung?

2ND REP. Of course! So it means a fortune to each railway!

DODGE. And the honor of being the more important road.

CASE. So we are racing from either end, and I have just had a message come by the Western stage-coach. (*He steps up on a box.*) Men, lay off! (*All workmen stop and gather near.*) Men (*he waves a paper*), I have word here that Crocker and his Central Pacific men have laid six miles of track in a day. (*All groan.*) Six miles!

1ST FORE. And our record is five and a half!

CASE. Now, what are we going to do about it? Are we going to let them beat us? Are we going to have them shortening our tracks?

ALL. No! No!

2ND FORE. We'll lay seven miles in a day!

ALL. Yes, seven miles! We'll beat them! Seven miles! Seven miles!

CASE. All right. To-morrow we'll lay seven

miles. Back to work! (*They go back. Casement steps down.*) It is a great race, and no one knows who will win.

DODGE. The Central have a great chance, for they are through their mountains and have level ground ahead.

CASE. While we have the snowy ranges in front of us.

DODGE. But we'll make a good try for it.

CASE. And we have good men under us.

1ST REP. How do you get your supplies, way out here on the plains?

CASE. We have to bring them from far behind, over the tracks we have already laid—our rails, our tools, our food.

DODGE. Our ties are cut in the hillside forests miles away and drawn by mule teams through the sandy plain.

2ND REP. But the heat! I don't see how your men stand it with the hard work they do.

CASE. It is bad. Besides there are no rivers and no time to dig wells. Every drop of water has to be carted from the hills.

BOTH REP. Whew!

DODGE. In winter it is worse. Bitter cold, ice to cut through, and snow up to your head!

CASE. Worst of all——

(*A war whoop is heard outside, "Wah! Wah! Wah!"*)

ALL. Indians!

CASE. The Cheyennes on the warpath!

DODGE. The guns, men, the guns! (*Men throw down their tools and grab their guns. He turns to the Reporters.*) Gentlemen, you will be safer in the train. It is armored.

BOTH REP. No! We'll fight!

DODGE. Good! (*Another war whoop.*) Steady, men! Fire! (*Indians rush in led by Chief Porcupine, all firing and being fired at, "Bang! bang! bang!" There is great confusion and noise.*)

PORCUPINE (*shouting*). No want iron horse! Ugh! Ugh! ("Bang! bang!") Scare away buffalo! ("Bang! bang!")

DODGE. Steady, men!

(*A shout is heard outside and a different war cry, "Yoo! yoo! yoo!"*)

3RD FORE. It's Major Nott and his Pawnees!

ALL. Hurrah!

*(Major Nott and his Pawnee Indian troop rush in, shouting "Yoo! yoo!" There is a short fight and the Cheyennes are soon driven off.)*

PORCU. *(shouting out as he runs off)*. We come back and drive off 'um train! Ugh! Ugh!

*(All gather around Maj. Nott.)*

DODGE. Major Nott, you were on the spot at the right time.

NOTT. I knew those red fiends had left the hills and I hurried my Pawnees from up track to head them off. I'm glad they did not have a chance to do any damage.

1ST REP. *(shaking his head)*. Well, well, tools in one hand and gun in the other!

NOTT. They are troublesome insects, the Sioux and Cheyennes, and how they hate the "iron horse"! They can't understand where it gets its power.

DODGE *(laughing)*. Do you remember the day they tried to stop our engine by putting across the track a rope tied to two Indians on horseback? Of course the engine pulled them right off their horses

and dragged them along the ground. They thought it was a "fire devil" that caught them. (*All laugh.*)

2ND REP. I call this building a railroad under difficulties.

CASE. It isn't easy. But in spite of everything, heat, cold, supplies, and Indians, end o' track keeps marching on, and we'll soon join with the Central Pacific to make one great transcontinental railroad.

1ST REP. When that day comes I hope we may be there to see.

CASE. That you shall.... Back to work men! No time to lose. Hurry it up! (*Men drop their guns and go back to work, while the Reporters shake their heads in wonder.*)

## ACT II

Time: May, 1869.

Scene: Promontory, Utah.

EASTERNERS	TELEGRAPH OPERATOR	ARIZONA MAN
WESTERNERS	PHOTOGRAPHER	CALIFORNIA MAN
REPORTERS	NEVADA MAN	WORKMEN

### CROWD

GEN. CASEMENT, Member of Pacific Union Express Co.

LELAND STANFORD, President of Central Pacific Railroad

(*A great crowd is gathered near the two tracks*

*which need only one pair of rails to join them. The Telegraph Operator has his instrument on a table near the tracks. The diggers are busy smoothing off the roadbed.)*

OPERATOR (*ticking on his instrument as he talks, "Tick, tick-tick-tick, tick"*). Last track—ready—to be laid! Keep—telegraph—lines—open to—Washington—New York—San Francisco—New Orleans—Chicago—for the news. Great crowd—gathered.

1ST WESTERNER. This is a great day for the country.

2ND WEST. It sure is. I rode my old bronco fifty miles to see this celebration. Never saw a railroad before.

3RD WEST. I never expected to see one. I brought my boy with me so he could see it too. He'll never see another. It is too expensive for any more to be built.

1ST WEST. Sh! There's Leland Stanford of California. He's going to speak. He is president of the Central Pacific Railroad.

CROWD. Sh! Sh!



STANFORD. Gentlemen, this is a great occasion. We are to see the uniting of two railroads, joining the two great oceans of the world. Men have suffered heat and cold and death in its building, but they never gave up, and today we see the finish. The government gave them fourteen years to build it and they did it in six!

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah for the men who built it! Hurrah!

4TH WEST. See! The men are bringing the last tie. (*They proceed to lay the tie.*)

5TH WEST. They say it is a gift from the contractor and is made of polished mahogany. It has a silver plate with the names of the railroad officials on it. (*All crane their necks to see it, exclaiming "Oh!" "See the silver bands!" "Isn't it a beauty!" etc.*)

1ST WEST. Here come the rails, one carried by Union Pacific men, and the other by Central Pacific.

1ST REP. Photographer, is your camera ready? (*Photographer aims camera at rail carriers.*) Now's the time! Shoot!

RAIL SQUAD (*dropping rails in terror and throw-*

*ing up arms*). No! No! Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

ALL (*laughing*). Hah! Hah! Don't shoot! Ha! Hah!

1ST EASTERNER. They thought it was a gun!

2ND EAST. They never saw a camera before!

ALL. Hah! Hah! Hah!

CASE. (*laughing*). It's all right, men. You are in no danger. They are only taking your picture. It is a great honor. So fit in the rails. (*Men look in a scared way at camera but lay rails as crowd laughs again.*)

OPER. Almost — ready for — spikes. — When — last spike — driven — I'll telegraph — “done.”

1ST EAST. They say that the different states have sent spikes for these last rails. See, that man has one.

NEVADA MAN. Nevada sends this silver spike from her silver mines. In making it, one hundred miners each struck one blow. They are proud to have had even so small a part in spanning the country.

EXPRESS COMPANY MEMBER. The Pacific Union.

Express Company offers this silver sledge hammer with which to drive these spikes.

ARIZONA MAN. Arizona gives a spike of alloy, iron, silver, and gold, from her threefold mines.

CALIFORNIA MAN. Lastly, California sends a golden spike formed from a nugget taken from her soil. Engraved on the head of the spike are the words, "The Last Spike," on its sides, "Pacific Railroad, commenced January, 1863; completed May, 1869. And may God continue to unite our country as the railroad unites the two great oceans of the world."

ALL. Yes! Yes!

STAN. (*to crowd*). Friends, will you step up and help drive the silver and alloy spikes? (*Each one strikes a blow at the spikes.*) And now, The Last Spike!

OPER. Ready!—The Last—Spike!

(*There is a breathless silence.*)

STAN. Gentlemen, this is an historic moment, and my hand trembles. (*He raises the sledge-hammer slowly and drives in the spike with a good blow.*)

OPER. (*loudly*). It's—done!

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah! It's done! And East joins West!

### STAGING

For ties can you use desk rulers, and for rails board rulers? Have you a better idea? Pencils for spikes? Rulers for guns? If you scratch on a book with your fingers, does it not suggest the chugging of engines? If you make enough noise and confusion it will easily remind us of busy workmen or the Indian fight.

A pencil tapped, tick, tick-tick-tick, on a book will represent the telegraph, and a box or book the camera. Chalk lines can suggest the finished tracks.

Why did the government grant lands and money to the railroads? What else did it grant lands for? In what other means of transportation has it been interested? What has it done for road making?

Of what advantage was the transcontinental railroad in the expansion of the country? Of what value commercially? Internationally? How did it affect other government activities such as the military, postal, financial, etc.?

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# THE BIG DITCH

## A PLAY IN 2 ACTS

We found that every effort is continually being made by the government to make transportation easy and swift. If this is true of land it is equally so of water communication. Why was the United States so anxious to get possession of New Orleans? What was the cause of the War of 1812 and of the United States' entry into the World War? Freedom of the seas, open waterways, are necessary to our national development. Not only are our rivers kept navigable, but new waterways have been created in the form of canals.

The early explorers vainly spent their lives looking for the Northwest Passage. Now, because of the great benefit to shipping, our country has *made* such a passage. Where?

This play also shows another matter of vital interest to our government, the health of its people, sanitation. In no country in the world is so much done to promote the physical well-being of its citizens as in ours.

### ACT I

Time: 1904.

Scene: Headquarters of Col. Goethals in Washington, D. C.

COL. GOETHALS, Chief Engineer

1ST ASSISTANT ENGINEER

COL. GORGAS, Chief of Sanitary Staff

FRIEND

ORDERLY

FRIEND. It is such a tremendous undertaking, Colonel Goethals, to cut a canal forty-nine miles long through Panama.

GOETHALS. It is a big thing, but it can be done with time and patience.

1ST ASSISTANT. But the people are in a hurry. They are calling out, "Let's show the world that Americans can make the dirt fly!"

GOETH. I know it. There is the temptation to hurry it. Nevertheless, it must be done thoroughly and carefully.

FRIEND. It is all rocky, hilly country, not soft sand like that through which the Suez Canal was cut.

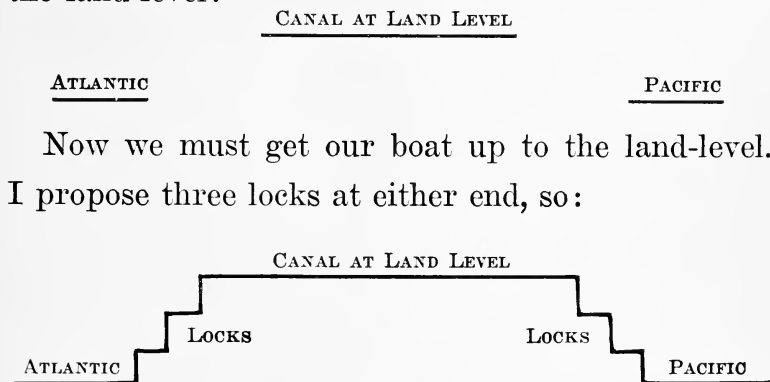
GOETH. True. The Suez is a sea-level canal. This must be a lock canal.

FRIEND. A lock canal! What do you mean?

GOETH. A lock is a great step, or better still a great water elevator, for a boat. Wait! I'll show you something of how it works. (*To Assistant.*) Will you please get me a basin, a pitcher of water, and an empty dish? (*Assistant goes out.*)

FRIEND. So locks are steps or water elevators!

GOETH. Yes. (*Goes to a blackboard and draws as he talks.*) Here are the sea-levels and here is the land-level:



(*Assistant enters.*) Ah, now let us see how a lock works. (*Puts dish in the basin. Others crowd around to see.*) Into the basin I pour water until it is exactly level with the outside rim of the dish. I put just enough water in the dish to cover the bottom. Have you a match? (*Friend finds one in his pocket.*) This match is our boat. The dish is the lock and the basin is the upper level of the canal. I want the boat to be able to float out into the upper level. How can I make it do so?

FRIEND (*excitedly*). Fill the dish to the height of the outside water.



"Let us see how a lock works."

GOETH. Exactly. Watch! (*Pours water gently into the dish until it is level with the top and the match floats out into the basin.*) There she goes!

FRIEND. How simple! And if the boat is to go down you empty the water out of the lock.



GOETH. That's it. Of course in a real lock the water pours in and empties out from the bottom, and there are great gates to let the boats in and out. It is all carefully and smoothly done.

FRIEND. But where is the water coming from to fill the locks?

1ST ASSIST. That is another of Col. Goethals' clever tricks. He is going to dam up a troublesome, swift-flowing river and make it form a huge lake. From that we can get all the water we need and besides have a smooth sailing passage for our boats.

GOETH. Then, too, there is another great problem, the Culebra Hills, the highest part of Panama.

FRIEND. Culebra Hills! Wasn't it from the Culebra Hills that Balboa first caught sight of the Pacific Ocean?

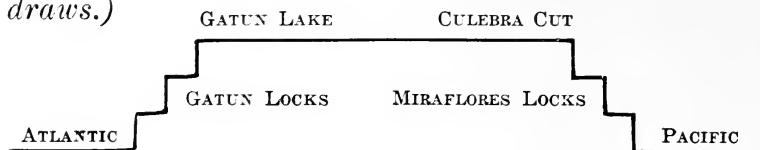
1ST ASSIST. I believe it was. What a fitting place for the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans to shake hands!

GOETH. But before they can shake hands we must make a cut through the hills two hundred feet deep and nine miles long.

FRIEND. Whew!

GOETH. It can be done.

FRIEND. Now let me see! (*Goes to board and draws.*)



My boat enters from the Atlantic, is lifted by the Gatun Locks into Gatun Lake, goes along through the Culebra Cut, is lowered by the Miraflores Locks and so out into the Pacific. Am I right?

GOETH. Quite correct.

FRIEND. What a piece of work!

GOETH. Yes. There will be a thousand difficulties in our way.

1ST ASSIST. Landslides ——

GOETH. Bursting dams ——

1ST ASSIST. Sluice gates giving way ——

(*Orderly enters with a telegram. Goethals reads, frowns, and taps table thoughtfully.*)

GOETH. Orderly, my compliments to Col. Gorgas and will he please to step in to see me. (*Orderly goes out. Goethals taps telegram.*) And right here, my friend, is the first and worst difficulty we shall have to deal with.

FRIEND. What?

GOETH. Yellow fever. It has broken out and is raging all through the Canal Zone.

1ST ASSIST. and FRIEND (*in horror*). Yellow fever!

1ST ASSIST. That is a deadly disease!

FRIEND. You will not get white men to go there to work when there is that danger.

GOETH. Yet white workmen we must have. They have the energy and the skill necessary to carry through such a piece of work.

1ST ASSIST. That is our first problem then, how to keep our white men in the tropics healthy and contented. (*Gorgas enters.*)

GOETH. And that is your job, Col. Gorgas.

GORGAS. What's that?

GOETH. (*handing him telegram*). Yellow fever in Panama!

GORG. Whew!

GOETH. As Chief Doctor of the Sanitary Staff you must keep it away from our workmen.

1ST ASSIST. We'll have to have a "Clean Up Campaign."

FRIEND. Clean the cities——

1ST ASSIST. Drain the swamps ——

FRIEND. Clear away the undergrowth of the jungle ——

GORG. All that must be done certainly. But good as it is, it will not keep away yellow fever.

*(All sink back disappointedly.)*

1ST ASSIST. Then we're beaten before we begin.

GOETH. No, we're not! We won't be! Gorgas, isn't there something that will prevent that deadly disease?

GORG. Yes. Two things.

ALL. What are they?

GORG. Mosquito netting and kerosene oil.

ALL. Mosqui — Kero — How? What do you mean?

GORG. Just what I say. Before you order a shovel or a bag of lime or a stick of dynamite, send down to Panama miles and miles of mosquito netting and barrels and barrels of oil.

ALL. Well!

GORG. For that fatal sickness is carried by the bite of a certain deadly mosquito.

FRIEND. Just a mosquito!

GORG. The mosquito with "the striped stockings and the shrill song."

GOETH. So we must keep them out of the house with the netting. But why the oil?

GORG. They lay their eggs on lakes, pools, swamps. By spreading oil on every stream and pond we shall kill the eggs and stamp out the disease in no time.

GOETH. (*shaking hands*). Colonel Gorgas, it shall be done! It shall be prison for a man to have a door or window unscreened or swamp uncovered with oil.

GORG. We will make the Canal Zone as healthy a spot to live in as any in the United States.

GOETH. It shall be a happy place also, with comfortable houses for the men and their families, electric lights and telephones——

GORG. Good meat and vegetables——

FRIEND. Libraries——

1ST ASSIST. Baseball and ice cream soda!

(*All laugh. Friend rises.*)

FRIEND. The President knew the right men to put at the head when he appointed you two. For

you are certainly going to put through the canal in good time. Good-bye and good luck. (*Shakes hands and goes out.*)

## ACT II

Time: Five years later.

Scene: Col. Goethals' Office in the Panama Zone.

RAILROAD CHIEF ENGINEER  
CONTRACTOR

COL. GOETHALS  
2ND ASSISTANT

VISITOR

(*2nd Assistant is writing at desk. Visitor enters with contractor.*)

CONTRACTOR. Col. Goethals will be glad to see a visitor from the United States. He is pleased to have people interested in his Big Ditch.

VISITOR. Isn't he in his office now?

2ND ASSIST. No indeed. He isn't here a quarter of the time. He is out on the job. He will want to take you out with him.

VISIT. I should like to go.

2ND ASSIST. I warn you he will keep you moving. He is in and out of his car a hundred times, watching the men drilling here, the dirt cars loading there.

CONTR. The blasting out of rock, the crushing of the stone——

2ND ASSIST. The building of the dam.

CONTR. He never lets the hot sun interfere with his business.

2ND ASSIST. The only time he isn't working is when he is asleep, from ten at night to five in the morning.

*(A rapid humming sound is heard.)*

VISIT. What is that?

CONTR. Those are the rock drills. The men are boring holes to put the dynamite in for blasting. They are tearing down parts of the Culebra Hills. *(A roar and a crash are heard.)* There goes a section of the hill now. *(They go to the window.)*

2ND ASSIST. See, the great side of the hill has been torn down. *(Chugging is heard.)* There go the dirt cars.

CONTR. They carry the stone and dirt to places that have to be filled up, or to the dams and walls, to help make the concrete.

VISIT. What great derricks and steam shovels you have with which to load the trains!

CONTR. They do the work of hundreds of men, and we are continually cutting down the cost of using them. It used to cost  $11\frac{1}{2}$  cents a cubic yard to work a steam shovel. Now we have got it down to 8 cents a cubic yard and hope to do better.

VISIT. That is efficiency!

2ND ASSIST. It is Col. Goethals' aim to "dig the most dirt with the least money."

CONTR. You wouldn't believe it, but this year at the dam and locks we have saved \$50,000 a month simply by *shaking out the cement bags!*

VISIT. Impossible!

CONTR. But true.

*(Railroad Chief enters with papers.)*

VISIT. I always thought the tropics were full of flies and mosquitoes. Now I think of it, I haven't seen one since I've been here.

2ND ASSIST. We destroy them before they are born.

VISIT. How?

2ND ASSIST. By putting oil on the water.

VISIT. Is that why those men go around with tanks on their backs, spraying the pools and swamps?



2ND ASSIST. Yes, and at the head of every stream there is a barrel dripping oil which floats down and covers the river.

RAILROAD CHIEF. It has to be done continually though, or back the pests will come.

VISIT. Do you ever have the yellow fever now?

R. R. CHIEF. Hardly a case. Back in 1905 we had a scare, but now the people have learned how to take care of themselves and are no longer afraid.

*(Chugging sounds outside.)*

2ND ASSIST. Here comes the Chief's private car. That little car painted bright yellow. The men call it "The Brain Wagon" and they think the world of the man who rides in it.

R. R. CHIEF. They know they will get a square deal. He gives every man a chance and allows no one to shirk.

*(Col. Goethals enters.)*

GOETH. Ah, sir, you have come to see us at work! Good!

VISIT. I have already seen how some of it goes, Colonel. It is wonderful what progress has been made, and the credit is due to you.

GOETH. (*quickly*). No, sir! The canal is the work of many. No leader ever led an army that was so faithful, so loyal, so unsparing of its work and strength. It is the spirit of all which will make it a success.

VISIT. And the coöperation of all will “move mountains” and cut continents in two.

### STAGING

The hammering of rock drill might be suggested by the rapid tapping of pencils on books. A pile of books, etc., dropped noisily will serve as the crashing of the dynamited rock. What did you use for the chugging of cars in “A Race Across the Continent”?

Where is the Suez Canal? Name some canals in the United States. Of what advantage are they to the country? Are they lock or sea-level canals? Why? Trace on a world map a ship's journey before and after the opening of the Panama Canal, from New York to San Francisco, Liverpool to Seattle, Yokohama to New Orleans, Valparaiso to Boston, Rio de Janeiro to Hong Kong.

Is there a Board of Health in your community? What are some of its rules which you should obey? Why are people ill with contagious diseases kept apart from their neighbors? Why should we keep our houses free from flies and rats? Why is good health a civic duty?

# THE REDMEN'S COUNSELLOR

## A PLAY IN 2 ACTS

In early days it was "war to the knife" between the whites and the Indians. Name some of the faults and excuses on both sides. Finally the whites gained the advantage and drove the Indians back and back out of their own territory.

It was a long time before the United States awoke to the fact that it owed the Redmen some rights. But now there is an Indian Office at Washington. It has established great Reservations in the West where the Indians live, and it spends millions of dollars yearly protecting their rights, giving them opportunities for education, looking after their property, and so forth.

Kit Carson, trailmaker and guide on the Santa Fe Trail, was one of the first to point out to the government its injustice to the Redmen, and it was he who frequently settled quarrels between Indians and whites or between different tribes, not by war, but by the much more civilized and humane method of arbitration.

### ACT I

Time: About 1840.

Scene: Kansas.

KIT CARSON

LEATHER BELT

GUIDES

GREY WING

WHITE CLOUD

*(Several Guides are sitting around a camp fire. Carson is away from the fire in the shadow with his back to a tree.)*

1ST GUIDE. Aren't you cold out there, Kit?

CARSON. I'd rather be cold than dead.

2ND GUIDE. Come, draw up to the fire.

CAR. No, no, boys! You hang around the fire if you like, but I don't want to show myself and have an Injun slip an arrow into me when I can't see him!

3RD GUIDE. There aren't any Indians here. We scouted around just before dark.

CAR. Maybe there aren't, maybe there are! I've seen men shot down from the shadows before now, and I'm taking no chances.

4TH GUIDE. Well, *we're not afraid!*

CAR. Huh!

1ST GUIDE. Look here! You don't suppose that Kit Carson, trailmaker, government guide, Indian fighter and peacemaker, is afraid, do you!

4TH GUIDE (*scornfully*). Hm! It looks a bit like it.

2ND GUIDE. That's just where you're wrong,

partner. He's cautious, boy! Cautious and wise!

CAR. I know too much about Injuns to be careless, lad. I've learned by experience never to expose myself to the glare of a fire. When I light my pipe I cover the flame with my hat. I always sit with my back against something if I can. Injuns are a slippery lot, and it is the cautious man who lives longest.

1ST GUIDE. I've seen Kit make a camp fire at night, then go off a mile away to sleep.

4TH GUIDE. Why?

CAR. It throws the Injuns off the track.

3RD GUIDE. You watch him when he lies down for the night.

CAR. And take a lesson, boy. (*Shows him as he talks.*) Stand your saddle up behind your head as a barricade. Put your pistols in front of it, so. Have your good old trusty rifle beside you, right handy for use, under the blanket to keep the dampness away from it. Then you are ready for anything. (*Listens.*) Hark! What's that! (*Jumps lightly to his feet, gun in hand. The other guides scramble quickly over into the darkness and pull out their*

*guns. Three Indian runners in war paint enter with uplifted hands. They look around.)*

LEATHER BELT. Ugh! Father Kit! Want Father Kit! Father Kit here?

CAR. Why do you come in war paint, Leather Belt?

LEATH. B. Bring message from Big Chief of Comanches. No war on Father Kit. We go fight Sioux.

CAR. Fight the Sioux! Why do you fight them? They are far, far away on the plains of the north.

GREY WING. No! Not in north. Sioux come south to hunt. Come hunt our buffalo.

LEATH. B. We go drive Sioux back to own hunting grounds. We come ask Father Kit help us.

WHITE CLOUD. Father Kit friend to Comanches. No let Sioux take buffalo.

CAR. The Sioux are a strong tribe, White Cloud.

WHITE CL. Ugh! So. But Pawnees and Black-feet help Comanches. All hate Sioux! All in war paint.

GREY WING. Have war dance! Go fight!

LEATH. B. Sioux have warriors! Heap much



“Father Kit! Want Father Kit! Father Kit here?”

warriors! Like leaves on tree! But our hearts are strong. We teach Sioux not to take soil of our fathers.

WHITE CL. We need buffalo for ourselves.

GREY WING. Father Kit helps, we drive Sioux back.

CAR. Before you fight, my Comanche brothers, I will go and talk with the Sioux. I will give them big medicine, and they will leave your hunting grounds. Go back to your chief and tell him Father Kit is his friend and all will be well.

INDIANS. Ugh! We go!! Ugh!

*(They bow and go out.)*

CAR. *(buckling on his pistols)*. I must prevent this tribal war, if possible.

1ST GUIDE. You are not going now!

CAR. At once.

2ND GUIDE. We will go with you.

CAR. No, I must go alone. They know me and perhaps will listen.

4TH GUIDE. You'll go alone! Among the wild Sioux Indians prepared for war!

CAR. Yeh! 'Bye, brothers!



ALL GUIDES. 'Bye, and good luck! (*He goes out.*)

4TH GUIDE. And I thought he was afraid!

3RD GUIDE. Huh! What did I tell you! You've learned something. Carelessness isn't bravery, and caution isn't fear.

## ACT II

Time: Next day.

Scene: Camp of the Sioux Indians on the Arkansas River.

KIT CARSON  
INDIAN BRAVES

CHIEF EAGLE FEATHER  
CHIEF SWIFT FOOT

*(Some Indians are beating tom-toms. Others are doing a war dance, capering around in a circle and brandishing tomahawks. As the dance grows more furious, Carson enters, holding up his right hand as a sign of peace.)*

1ST BRAVE (*giving war cry*). Waugh! Waugh! Waugh! White man!

*(Some of the Braves raise their bows, others surround him and drag him in.)*

2ND BRAVE. Oh, great Chief Eagle Feather, it Father Kit!

EAGLE FEATHER. Father Kit? Ugh! Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh! (*Braves drop bows and step back. He turns to dancers.*) Ugh, ugh, ugh! (*Dance and tom-toms stop.*)

CAR. (*bowing*). Hie, Eagle Feather! Hie, Swift Foot! Great chiefs of the Sioux! I come as a friend.

CHIEFS. Hie, Father Kit!

SWIFT FOOT. You have warriors with you?

CAR. No. I come alone to the camp of my friends.

CHIEFS. Ugh! (*Motion him to sit down. The Chiefs sit on either side of him, the Braves forming a semicircle opposite, listening and watching.*)

CAR. Chiefs, let us have a big pow-wow.

CHIEFS. Ugh!

CAR. You have come far from your own hunting grounds in the north into the lands of the Comanches.

SWIFT F. Winter cold. It drive buffalo south. Leave no buffalo for Sioux.

CAR. But the Comanches do not like you to come into their hunting ground.

EAGLE FEATH. We must have skins for our wig-

wams. We must have meat for winter. Our papooses cry for food.

CAR. But the hunting season is almost over. It is not fair that you take away the lands of the Comanches. They will fight.

SWIFT F. (*scornfully*). Comanches weak like squaws! (*Draws himself up proudly.*) Sioux brave warriors! We beat Comanches. Ugh!

EAGLE FEATH. Ugh! We beat 'um!

CAR. The *white* Braves will not let you take away the Comanche lands. The Great White Father at Washington will send his Braves against you.

EAGLE FEATH. So! We have many, oh, many warriors!

SWIFT F. Heap much Braves!

CAR. Yes, I know you have hundreds of warriors. But the Great Father has thousands of them. If you kill his soldiers he has more to send and more. By and by your warriors will all be killed. Do not make the White Father send his soldiers.

SWIFT F. So! (*Braves look at each other.*)

EAGLE FEATH. Ugh!

CAR. You are wise chiefs. When the hunting

season is over go back to your own hunting lands in the north and leave these lands to the Comanches.

EAGLE FEATH. But Comanches! They on war path.

SWIFT F. They think Sioux afraid!

ALL. Ugh! Ugh!

CAR. Oh no! They know that the Sioux are brave, as fearless as the great eagle or the mountain lion. If you will go back, the Comanches will bury the tomahawk, and the Great Father at Washington will be pleased. He will say the Sioux are a noble tribe, that they have wise chiefs.

CHIEFS (*thoughtfully*). Ugh. (*They go to one side and consult with the under-chiefs, while Carson watches them quietly.*)

EAGLE FEATH. (*coming back*). We do as Father Kit say.

CAR. Good!

SWIFT F. Comanches leave warpath, we finish hunt and go back to north country.

CAR. Oh, wise and noble chiefs! The Comanches will agree.

EAGLE FEATH. (*to Braves*). Ugh, ugh, ugh!

*(They come forward and form a circle with Chiefs and Carson.)* We bury hatchet. No war!

*(With much bowing and ugh-ughing they bury a hatchet in the middle of the circle, while the peace-pipe goes from one to the other.)*

CAR. The White Chief will smile upon you and your tribe.

EAGLE FEATH. Father Kit, you good friend to Indians.

SWIFT F. If all white men like Father Kit, no white men killed, no Indian wars.

*(The peace-pipe goes around in silence.)*

#### STAGING

Will a book, desk ruler, and board ruler do for saddle, pistol, and gun? Drumming with pencils on a book will do for the tom-tom. Rulers for tomahawks, bows and arrows, peace-pipe?

Why did both tribes of Indians trust Kit Carson? What is a trailmaker? Why did the government appoint guides? What do you know about Santa Fe? Can you tell anything about Fremont, the great Pathfinder? What characteristics must a trailmaker and guide possess?

What is bravery? What is caution? What is arbitration? Give examples of arbitration in your everyday life. Examples from history.

# “SEWARD’S FOLLY”

## A PLAY IN 2 ACTS

If Indians sometimes were willing to take their disputes to arbitration, surely the civilized nations of the world should be wise enough to do so. As a matter of fact, it is being used more and more. Many troubles which, in cruder times, would have led to war, have been taken to this kind of International Court.

The United States has been one of the foremost nations to recognize the value of this method of settling quarrels. Let us see with what result in one case.

### ACT I

Time: October 18, 1867.

Scene: Baronoff Castle in Russian America (now Alaska).

AMERICAN VISITORS

RUSSIANS

AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS

*(People are standing around in groups outside the castle over which the Russian flag is flying. Drum beats are heard in the distance, “Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub!”)*

1ST AMERICAN. Here come the American soldiers and sailors from the warships in the harbor.

*(A tramp of feet is heard. The Russian soldiers draw themselves up at attention. American soldiers march by.)*

2ND AM. The officers have the gold in those cases.

3RD AM. \$7,200,000 of our public gold!

*(Soldiers halt, and officers enter castle.)*

4TH AM. There go the high officials into the castle. It will not take long to sign the papers and pay over the money that will make Russian America ours.

5TH AM. They say that when it is ours it is going to be called Alaska from an Indian word meaning "Great Country."

1ST AM. *(looking around and shaking his head).* It is great, all right, but isn't it the dreariest and most forlorn-looking place you ever saw?

2ND AM. And to think we're paying \$7,200,000 of our good gold for it!

3RD AM. "A waste of money on rocks and ice," I call it.

4TH AM. It's "fit only for a polar-bear garden!"

1ST AM. "Seward's Folly" sure enough, as they call it at home. Whatever induced him to spend our public money in this way!

5TH AM. (*thoughtfully*). Do you know I'm not so sure that it is folly. I think Seward had several reasons for his purchase.

2ND AM. (*scornfully*). Oh, I suppose he had reasons, but can you name any good ones?

5TH AM. Well, some of our naval battles in the recent war showed that we needed a foothold on this coast along the northern Pacific.

3RD AM. Maybe we do. But why buy over five hundred thousand square miles, when a coastal strip would have been all that was necessary?

5TH. AM. I don't think we ought to complain when we are paying only twelve cents a square mile for it. That can't be very extravagant.

4TH AM. That's so. But after all, anything is extravagant which you can't use, and there doesn't seem much chance of using this.

5TH AM. I'm not so sure about that. We know it's a great fishing ground. Its northern climate makes it fur-producing. There are huge tracts of



timber land, and surely there must be some minerals in all these mountains.

1ST AM. What good will they do us? No one but Indians or Eskimos would live here. You'll never get Americans to come.

5TH AM. Oh yes, they'll come. You forget that Americans are energetic and will go anywhere that there is land to be developed.

2ND AM. Perhaps, but I still think with those who call it "Seward's Folly." (*Others nod agreement as the drums beat again.*)

3RD AM. The exchange has been made.

4TH AM. See! The Russian soldiers are about to haul down their flag from the tower of the castle.

(*The Russian drums beat slowly and softly, "D-r-rum, d-r-rum, d-r-rum, d-r-rum, d-r-rum." All stand at attention. The Russians bow their heads sorrowfully.*)

1ST AM. How sad the Russians look!

2ND AM. They do not like to see their flag come down.

3RD AM. After all, it can't be a happy feeling to lose even a waste land like this.

1ST RUSSIAN. You are right, gentlemen. It is not good to see your flag come down.

2ND RUSS. And to lose a valuable territory. (*5th American nods vigorously.*)

3RD RUSS. Even for fourteen million gold rubles.

4TH AM. We honor your feelings, but, as Americans, we can promise you that Russian America, or Alaska as we shall call it, shall always be governed fairly.

5TH AM. And that your people who remain here will be citizens of a great country.

1ST AM. For the flag which is about to rise over this territory stands for freedom, justice, and fairness to all nations!

RUSSIANS (*brightening*). That is true!

1ST RUSS. Our territory has passed into good hands.

3RD RUSS. We could not ask that it pass into better ones.

(*The American drums beat merrily, "Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub!"*)

AMERICANS. See! Our flag!



"See! Our flag!"

*(The American flag rises slowly over the castle, and the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner." As it reaches the top, the guns from the harbor boom in salute.)*

5TH AM. Hark! Our guns from the battleship! ("Boom, boom, boom!")

RUSSIANS *(bowing ceremoniously)*. Russian America is yours.

AMERICANS. Yes, Alaska now belong to the United States.

*(Guns continue to boom, boom, boom!)*

## ACT II

Time: 1903.

Scene: London, England.

### AMERICAN VISITORS (OF ACT 1)

*(1st, 2nd, and 3rd Americans are sitting talking as 5th American enters. They look at each other in amazement.)*

1ST AM. *(jumping up and holding out hand)*. Well, well, what a surprise to find you here!

5TH AM. Glad to see you! Glad to see you all! What brings you to London?

2ND AM. We're just travelling around. Have to see the world before we die. We're getting old, you know.

5TH AM. Not so young surely as when we went on that Alaskan trip. About thirty-five years ago, wasn't it?

2ND AM. Just about. What a trip we had!

3RD AM. Things have changed since then, haven't they? Do you remember how we called the Alaskan purchase "Seward's Folly," and how wasteful we thought it was to buy that "polar-bear garden"?

2ND AM. Weren't we foolish!

1ST AM. And to think that it has paid for itself forty or fifty times already in furs, fish, lumber, and gold! (*To 5th American.*) You always believed in it, didn't you?

5TH AM. I thought it was worth its purchase price but I never dreamed it would be as valuable as it has proved. By the way, it is strange that we are here together just now. You know that it is here that the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal is meeting.

2ND AM. What's that?

5TH AM. It is the Committee that is trying to settle the dispute over the boundary line between Alaska and Canada.

1ST AM. Is that so? I know that there is some trouble, but I don't know what it is.

5TH AM. Well, if you try to remember the shape of Alaska you will recall that it consists mostly of that great northern peninsula, but that a narrow strip of it runs down part of the western coast of Canada.

ALL. So it does.

5TH AM. It is about that narrow strip that there is trouble.

2ND AM. It is about thirty miles wide, isn't it?  
(*5th American nods.*)

3RD AM. And the boundary line, if I am not mistaken, is always thirty miles from the coast following the windings of the coast line.

5TH AM. That is the way the old agreement between Russia and England read, and those were the conditions when we bought the territory. Now the Canadians claim that the winding boundary line is wrong, that the boundary should be a *straight* line

starting thirty miles inland from the southern headland to a point thirty miles inland from a northern headland.

1ST AM. Why, that would cut up our coastal strip into broken pieces of land and give Canada the best seaports right in the middle of our territory!

5TH AM. Exactly! And that is what they want.

2ND AM. Ah ha! Since gold has been discovered in the Klondike they want northern Pacific ports.

1ST AM. So that's it!

3RD AM. What is being done about it?

5TH AM. For some years Canada and the United States have been squabbling over it, and several times the agents of both countries meeting in Alaska have actually come to blows. Finally a few months ago a treaty was signed by Great Britain and the United States arranging to have a tribunal or committee of six men, consisting of three Americans, two Canadians, and one Englishman, meet to settle the dispute.

2ND AM. A court of arbitration!

1ST AM. Taking it to court instead of to war!  
Good!

3RD AM. Are they considering it now?

5TH AM. They seem to think a decision will be reached today. (*A door opens and 4th American enters quickly and goes up to 5th American.*)

4TH AM. The Alaskan Tribunal has reached its decision.

ALL. What is the result?

4TH AM. The United States has won!

ALL. Good! Good!

4TH AM. They looked into all sides of the question and took a vote. The English member of the Tribunal voted with our three members. That formed a majority in our favor.

1ST AM. So we keep the coast?

4TH AM. Yes. There was a little compromise by which Canada gets a small piece of inland territory and two unimportant islands. But we keep the ports.

2ND AM. Hurrah!

1ST AM. And will Canada stand by this decision?

4TH AM. Oh yes, certainly. They agreed to stand by the result, as we would have done if we had lost.



5TH AM. Arbitration is a wonderful thing, isn't it?

2ND AM. Yes, it is. That trouble might have gone on and on until one side or the other got angry, and it might easily have resulted in war.

3RD AM. What a pity all questions cannot be decided that way.

5TH AM. It is being done more and more.

4TH AM. Let us hope that some day the world will be wise enough to see the folly of war and will take all international questions to a Court of Arbitration.

ALL. Yes, yes!

1ST AM. (*rising*). Come, since we are all together again like old times, let us find a good place to have dinner and celebrate our successful ending to the Alaskan Boundaries Dispute.

(*All go out talking and laughing together.*)

#### STAGING

Books banged together make a realistic cannon salute. Drums? What did you use for tom-toms in "The Redmen's Counsellor"? Will you have your flags on some high place in the room, such as the top of a high bookcase or blackboard, or will you pretend that the castle tower is outside? A Rus-

sian flag can be made with paper and colored. For a band will humming do?

How can you show by the actions of the Americans that thirty-five years have passed between the two acts?

By what method did we acquire Alaska? Name other territories obtained in the same way. What is the climate of Alaska?

What is a compromise? What two things did you notice were necessary to successful arbitration? Can you find out anything about the Hague Tribunal? Can you name other occasions on which the United States arbitrated questions of dispute? Were we always successful? Did we stand by the decision of the Committee? Why?

# ON GUARD

## A PLAY IN 2 ACTS

Look at the map of the United States. Notice the length of its coastline. Think of the dangers there must be to ships along the coast from rocky ledges and sandbars, in storm and in fog. Do you suppose the United States allows ships to come to harm on her shores for want of protection? The great work of the Lighthouse Bureau is the answer to that question. To the members of this service the watchword is "faithfulness."

### ACT I

Time: July, 1906.

Scene: Lighthouse on Angel Island in San Francisco Bay.

LIGHT KEEPER

HIS WIFE

*(The Light Keeper is ill in bed. His wife comes in with a dust cloth in her hand.)*

KEEPER *(groaning)*. Oh, if I were only well enough to get up to the light!

WIFE. Don't you worry. I'll tend the light. She's as bright and shiny as a new pin.

KEEP. How is the machinery?

WIFE. Going like clockwork. She revolves as regularly as can be.

KEEP. What would the inspector say if he knew I was too sick to tend the light!

WIFE. What could he say? You can't help being sick, can you? Besides, the lighthouse is safe with me. I know as much about light-keeping as any man in the Lighthouse Service.

KEEP. That you do, wife.

WIFE. The inspector can come if he wants to. He won't find a speck of dust from rock to roof of this place. So you make yourself comfortable and get some sleep, if you can. (*Goes to the window and looks out.*) It is going to be a bad night. The fog is settling down thick and fast.

KEEP. It's a lucky thing there's a warning bell on the rock. The light isn't much good in a thick fog. Sound carries farther than light on nights like this.

WIFE. That's true. (*Stops and listens.*) Do you hear the bell? I don't! Listen! (*They listen.*)

KEEP. No! . . . No! It's more than twenty

seconds and it hasn't rung. (*He half sits up.*)  
There must be something wrong!

WIFE. It's probably only the electric wiring. I'll fix it. You lie down. (*She hurries out. The Keeper lies back, but sits up again and listens, shaking his head anxiously. Soon his Wife rushes in, goes over to a drawer and pokes around in it.*)

KEEP. What is it? What's wrong? The wiring?

WIFE. No. The electricity is all right. It's the clapper of the bell. It has broken off and gone.

KEEP. Gone! Then the bell can't ring. Great heavens, with a fog settling down! (*He tries to get up.*)

WIFE (*taking a hammer from the drawer*). It's all right. Don't be foolish. I'm going to take care of it.

KEEP. What are you going to do? You can't mend it with that hammer.

WIFE. Of course I can't. I'm going to strike the bell with it.

KEEP. Strike the bell! With the hammer! But the bell rings every twenty seconds!

WIFE. Well, I'm going to strike the bell every twenty seconds.

KEEP. All night?

WIFE. All night and all day, if necessary. There won't be any ships wrecked on this coast if *I* can prevent it. Give me your watch. And I'll need this lantern. Lucky the rules make us keep it filled and cleaned. (*Picks up the lantern and starts out.*)

KEEP. (*calls after her*). Put on the oilskins! It's cold and wet.

WIFE (*outside*). I'm all right.

KEEP. (*half sitting up and listening*). Every twenty seconds! Every twenty seconds! (*The bell sounds "Clang!"*) One, two, three, four. (*He counts to twenty. The bell clangs.*) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight . . . . .

## ACT II

Time: The next day.

Scene: Same as in Act I.

KEEPER  
HIS WIFE

INSPECTOR  
ASSISTANT INSPECTOR

(*The Keeper is in bed as before. Outside the bell*

*sounds regularly. The Inspector and his Assistant enter.)*

INSPECTOR. Hulloo, keeper! Nasty weather! Thick as a blanket on the water. Lucky you have a bell or there would have been wrecks on the rock last night.

KEEP. You can thank my wife for that. Inspector. I'm right glad you've come.

INSPEC. What's the matter? Sick? Your light is all right, isn't it?

KEEP. Yes. There's nothing the matter with that. It's the bell.

INSPEC. But I hear the bell every twenty seconds regularly!

KEEP. You hear it because my wife is striking it.

INSPEC. Your wife is striking the bell! What do you mean?

KEEP. It's broken and she has been striking it herself with a hammer for twenty hours and thirty-five minutes.

INSPEC. Twenty hours and thirty-five minutes!

KEEP. Without sleeping a wink or stopping for food.



"On guard."



INSPEC. Great goodness! In this cold and fog! (*To Assistant*). Quick! Go and relieve her. (*Assistant runs out.*) A woman! No food, no sleep! Twenty hours and thirty-five minutes! Let's see! That's three times a minute, a hundred and eighty times an hour — er — er — about three thousand seven hundred times she has struck that bell. Think how deadly tiresome it must have been! Well, well, well! (*Wife comes in wearily, blinking her eyes and rubbing her hands together. Inspector goes over to her.*) Madam, you are worthy of great respect.

WIFE. I only did my duty, sir.

INSPEC. But you did that duty faithfully.

WIFE. We are members of the Lighthouse Service, sir, and we guard the coast of the United States.

INSPEC. Under the care of such people as you, madam, her ships need have no fear. (*He shakes her hand and watches her as she goes out.*) Three thousand seven hundred times! Well, well! You surely can call that being on guard.

## STAGING

Can you use a box for a lantern? Is it necessary to have a real hammer? You can use your schoolroom bell.

Is a lighthouse keeper's life an easy one? Tell some of its drawbacks. Where is a lighthouse usually built? Did you ever think of the men who build them?

Against what other dangers must ships be guarded besides rocks and shallows? What branch of the service would protect ships in storm and shipwreck, from floating wrecks and icebergs? Who patrols the coast on sea? On shore? Can you tell any stories of the heroism of the Coast Guard Service?

# FIGHTING A FOREST FIRE

## A PLAY IN 3 ACTS

When the first settlers came to this country and the pioneers went out into the West they found vast forests. Wood was more than plentiful, it was often an inconvenience. So that until recent times the nation was in the habit of considering our timber supply inexhaustible, and we were wasteful and extravagant with it. Suddenly we awakened to the fact that if we continued to use up our forests without regard to new growth or preserving the old, we should soon find ourselves with very little timber to draw upon. So now there is a great government department devoted to forestry which looks after the conservation of our lumber supply.

Did you ever see men spraying trees or cutting off dead branches or caterpillar nests? Why were they doing this? So we see that cutting down trees is not the only way they may be destroyed or lost. Here is one of the most destructive.

### ACT I

Time: Summer of 1910.

Scene: National Forest Lookout Station in the  
Cœur d'Alene Forest of Idaho.

TWO RANGERS

*(First Ranger is looking off into the valley*

*through his field glasses. Takes glasses down and comes back to 2nd Ranger.)*

1ST RANGER. Well, this is my last week for the year as lookout. Next week I go down into the forest to mark the trees to be cut for timber.

2ND RANG. Hm! My next job is just the opposite of yours. I'm to mark the trees to be kept for seed.

1ST RANG. Seed will be needed badly enough. We've had so many fires this summer.

2ND RANG. Yes. Bad! Very bad! Why, District No. 10 is burned to the ground. It will have to be entirely replanted.

1ST RANG. Did you ever know such a dry season?

2ND RANG. Worst I ever saw!

*(Telephone rings. 1st Ranger takes down receiver.)*

1ST RANG. Hullo! — Yes! — What? — Bridge down! That's bad! Get right after it. — Yes, I know you're short-handed, but your roads must be kept open. — Yes. — Are your forest trails all clear? — Good! — All right. *(Starts to put up receiver, calls again.)* Oh! Hullo! Hullo! Number 17!

Hullo!—I meant to tell you to send a man over to District No. 16 and tell him his telephone line must be down somewhere. I've tried to get him all day. — No. I just wanted his report. Lucky it isn't a fire though!—Good bye!—(*Puts up receiver.*)

2ND RANG. That is bad luck for No. 17. (*Takes up field glasses and examines the distant forests.*)

1ST RANG. Yes. A bridge is about the worst thing to have to repair. It is a tough job keeping those trails open. This morning No. 21 reported that last night's gale had blown a great pine down across one of his forest roads and he has had his gang at work ever since removing it.

2ND RANG. I don't know whether it is worse in summer or in winter.

1ST RANG. That's so. In winter the trails have to be kept open through snow up to your shoulders, and you walk miles on snowshoes in the bitter cold. B-r-r! In spring there are the river floods, and in summer—

2ND RANG. (*still looking through his glasses and speaking excitedly*). What's that! Is that smoke? Directly west!

*(1st Ranger snatches his glasses and looks in the direction pointed at.)*

1ST RANG. Yes! By George, it's a fire and getting worse every second! Find out what district it is in.

*(Both rush to a table on which there are different kinds of instruments, large map, etc.)*

2ND RANG. *(moving the arms of a sextant back and forth and squinting on the map along the line made by the instrument)*. Sextant 43 degrees, compass due west. Here! *(Puts finger on a spot on map. Both lean over and examine the place.)*

1ST RANG. District No. 25, west side, Yellow Pine Grove! *(Runs to telephone and rings.)* Hullo! *(Rings again.)* Hullo! Is this District 25?—That you, Pulaski?—This is the Wallace Lookout Station. Fire observed in your district! West side, Yellow Pine Grove!—Growing every minute. High wind blowing and gaining in velocity!—Put all your men on the job.—Yes.—I'll get every man they can spare from the other districts—Yes—Yes.—I'll attend to it. 'Bye! *(Shuts off and seizes glasses.)*

2ND RANG. (*who has been looking through glasses all this time.*) That fire has got a big headway. They have their work cut out to stop it. They'll be lucky to get out of this alive.

1ST RANG. (*seizes telephone.*) That they will, with a high wind and no rain! Hullo! Hullo! Hullo, I say!

## ACT II

Time: Three days later.

Scene: District 25, west side, Yellow Pine Grove.

RANGER PULASKI

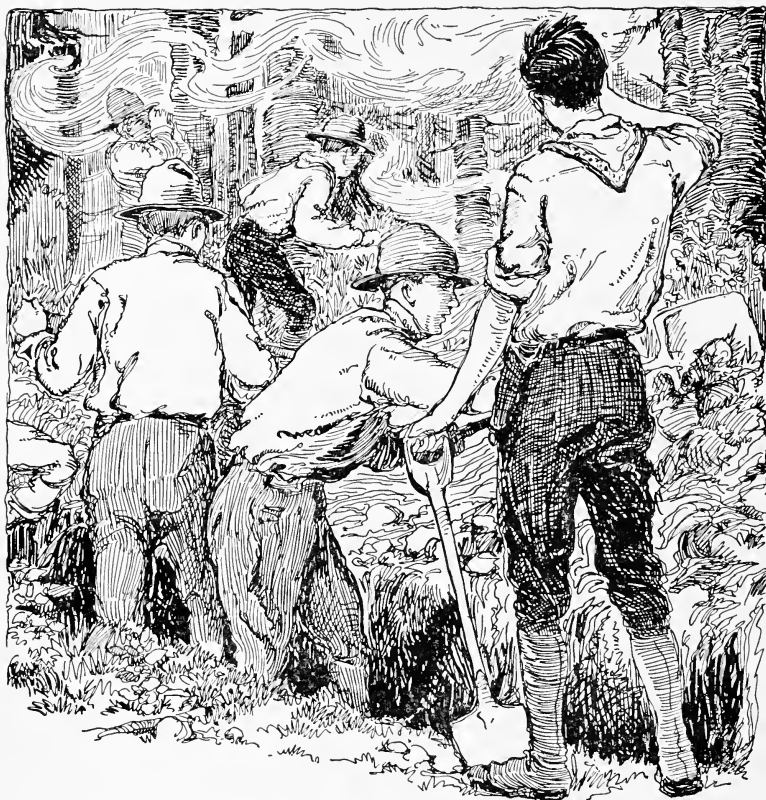
FIRE FIGHTERS

(*Pulaski and his Fire Fighters are working desperately with rakes, shovels, and axes, some raking away undergrowth, some digging trenches, others outside can be heard chopping trees.*)

PULASKI (*stops digging and wipes forehead*). This is our last chance, men. If we cannot stop the fire in this clearing, we are done for.

1ST FIRE FIGHTER. It's gaining on us faster than we can clear away the undergrowth or dig trenches.

2ND FIGHT. It has leaped over every trench we have made.



“This is our one chance, men.”

PUL. We must make this clearing wider. If it gets over this, nothing will stop it until it reaches the river, ten miles away, and it will cost us our lives.

1ST FIGHT. The fire gains faster than we can run.



PUL. Tony, take the gunpowder from that case and blow up some of the trees. Chopping is too slow. (*3rd Fire Fighter goes out.*) Faster, men, dig faster! Widen the trench!

(*He seizes a shovel and works desperately. A roaring explosion is heard outside, then a crash of falling trees.*)

ALL. There go the trees! (*Another roar and crash.*) More of them! (*Another crash.*) Keep them going!

(*All dig desperately. 4th Fighter rushes in.*)

4TH FIGHT. Pulaski, the fire is on us! We are lost!

ALL (*throwing down shovels, rakes, etc.*). The fire has got us!

5TH FIGHT. We must run for it! (*All start forward.*)

PUL. (*springing in front of them*). No! No, men! You can never make it.

4TH FIGHT. We can try. Better than standing here to be roasted alive. Come on!

PUL. Wait!

ALL. No! Come on! Come on!

PUL. (*pulling out his revolver*). You shall not go! It would mean your death. (*Several start forward. He raises his pistol.*) Stop! Or I fire! (*They halt uncertainly.*) I have a plan.

ALL. What is it?

PUL. There is an old mine over there. If we go down into that, the fire may pass over us. It is our one chance. Come! (*They hesitate.*)

1ST FIGHT. Oh, that's no good! Let's run!

PUL. No! Come, I say! (*He drives them in front of him with upraised revolver.*) In with you!

ALL (*pushing back*). No, no!

(*He forces them into the opening of the tunnel.*)

PUL. (*to 2nd Fighter*). Give me the mat you use to beat out the fire.

2ND FIGHT. What do you want it for?

PUL. (*snatching mat out of his hand*). Give it to me!

2ND FIGHT. You don't think you can beat out *this* fire with that thing, do you?

ALL. Huh!

PUL. No. I'm going to wet it and hang it up here at the mouth of the tunnel. (*Empties his*

*canteen of water on to the mat and hangs wet mat up at doorway.)*

1ST FIGHT. (*from inside mine*). Pulaski, this is a crazy scheme! (*He coughs. All cough.*) The smoke is choking me. Let me out!

ALL. Let us out! (*A scuffle is heard.*)

PUL. I will shoot the first man who leaves this mine. I'll save your lives in spite of yourselves! (*He puts his head outside of mine but draws back quickly.*) Back! Farther back in the tunnel, men! The fire is on us!

### ACT III

Time: Next day.

Scene: As in Act II.

3RD RANGER

4TH RANGER

PULASKI

FIRE FIGHTERS

(*Rangers come in, shaking their heads sadly.*)

3RD RANG. No signs of Pulaski or any of his men!

4TH RANG. Poor fellows! They must all have lost their lives. Hullo, this must be the place where the fire was checked. See that great trench, and

look! (*Points outside*) Those trees must have been blown up! It's a sure thing the fire did not do that.

3RD RANG. They put up a good fight. Too bad! The Forest Service lost one of its best men when it lost Pulaski.

4TH RANG. A good man and a good ranger!

(*1st Fire Fighter looks out of the mine, then staggers out and comes over to the Rangers, drawing deep breaths.*)

3RD RANG. Hullo! What's this!

4TH RANG. One of Pulaski's fire fighters!

1ST FIGHT. The fire! It's out! Men, it's out! We're saved!

3RD RANG. (*holding him up*). You're all right. But where did you come from?

4TH RANG. How did you escape?

1ST FIGHT. The mine.—We were—in the—old mine!

BOTH RANG. The mine! Where? How many are in there?

1ST FIGHT. Over there. They are all in there.

BOTH RANG. All! Is Pulaski there?

1ST FIGHT. Yes. He is badly burned from standing on guard near the tunnel mouth to keep us from rushing out. We were half crazy from the heat, I guess. But he kept us there at the point of his revolver and saved our lives! Saved the lives of every one of us!

BOTH RANG. Well, what do you think of that!  
*(They go over to the tunnel and help out the other Fire Fighters and Pulaski, who is exhausted.)*

PUL. *(weakly)*. The fire? Did it — did it get the trees?

4TH RANG. No. You saved the trees, man. This clearing checked the fire so much that it burned itself out about half a mile on and we finished it off from the other end.

ALL FIGHT. And, Pulaski, you saved our lives! Every man of us!

2ND FIGHT. Though we did fight to get out!

PUL. *(laughing weakly)*. Well, I couldn't afford to let you burn yourselves up, because, you see, I'll need you for the next fire.

## STAGING

Shovels, rakes, axes implied by rulers? If you drop books, rulers, boxes, etc., outside will it suggest the crashing of falling trees? What did you use for a pistol in "The Redmen's Counsellor"? Dust cloth for fire mat? Where will you have your tunnel? Behind the teacher's desk, in the dressing room or corridor?

What was the forester's first thought after his escape? Did that make you think of any of the other plays? What other duties has a ranger besides guarding against fires? Name all the uses of forests that you can think of. Forests protect streams and mountain sides. Prove this statement.

What is conservation? Name as many as you can of the other natural resources of our country which should be conserved. You are not likely to think of all the things that are under government protection.

# SALVAGE

## A PLAY IN 1 ACT

We have found how the government has been trying through conservation to stop the wasting of forests, minerals, wild animal life, and other public resources. It is also trying to reclaim or make over anew things that have become too old for use in their present state. This play shows us some of the things which can be so reclaimed. It also brings to our attention still another form of conservation, thrift. Of what advantage is it to the government to have thrifty citizens? In what way does the government encourage the saving of money?

Time: The present.

Scene: Room in Mrs. Keith's house.

MRS. KEITH  
JACK KEITH

MRS. FOSTER  
JOE FOSTER

RAGMAN

JACK (*looking up from his book*). Mother, what does s-a-l-v-a-g-e mean?

MRS. KEITH (*bustling in, wearing a large work apron and dust cap and carrying a dustpan and brush*). Salvage? If a boat is wrecked and someone saves it by towing it into port, the one who does

the saving is given salvage money. So it means to save something that would otherwise be lost.

JACK. Oh! (*Goes back to his reading. Enter Mrs. Foster in hat and coat.*)

MRS. FOSTER. Good morning, Mrs. Keith. Are you ready for marketing?

MRS. KEITH. Good morning, Mrs. Foster. Is it time to go? Dear me, and I am still in my working clothes! (*Takes off apron and cap.*) I have been cleaning my attic, and you know what that means.

MRS. FOS. I do indeed!

MRS. KEITH. Wherever do things come from that gather in an attic? I am throwing out all kinds of things: a rag bag full of old clothes, a boxful of rubbers and shoes, a worn-out tire of an automobile, a piece of broken iron chain, a copper boiler with a hole burnt in it. Why do we keep such trash?

MRS. FOS. I don't know. It just gets tucked away by different people between cleaning times. My attic is the same.

MRS. KEITH. When I get rid of it this time I am not going to let old junk pile up again, I can tell you.



JACK (*looking up suddenly*). Mother, what is junk?

MRS. KEITH. Stuff like mine that is going into the rubbish barrel. (*Jack looks thoughtful.*) And, Jack, I have left everything ready for you to put into the barrels for the collectors. They call today.

(*She goes out.*)

MRS. FOS. Joe will help you, Jack. He said he was coming over to see you.

JACK. Good! I'll put him to work. Mrs. Foster, can you salvage anything besides a ship?

MRS. FOS. It usually means a ship, but I should think you could salvage things from a fire or a train wreck or ——

JACK. Or a house-cleaning!

MRS. FOS. (*laughing*). There isn't much worth salvaging from a house-cleaning!

(*Mrs. Keith enters with hat and coat on and shopping bag.*)

MRS. KEITH. I am sorry to keep you waiting, Mrs. Foster. (*Starts to go but turns.*) Jack, there are some bottles and bundles of newspapers in the cellar to be thrown out too. Don't forget!

JACK. No, mother.

*(They go. Jack reads a minute, then looks up thoughtfully. Joe comes clattering up the stairs and bursts in noisily.)*

JOE. Hullo, there!

JACK. Hullo!

JOE. Come and play ball.

JACK. Can't do it. I've got to work and you've got to help me.

JOE. Have I though! You see me!

JACK. I say, Joe, did you ever hear of salvage?

JOE. Sure! It's saving ships.

JACK. Did you ever hear of salvaging junk?

JOE. No.——Yes!——Wait a minute! Yes, I did too. Doesn't the government want us to sell our junk instead of throwing it away?

JACK. That's what I thought. We once got a paper at school telling about it, didn't we? *(Joe nods.)* What were some of the things we could sell?

JOE. Old shoes——

JACK. And rubber——

JOE. And bottles——

JACK. And rags and papers——

JOE. Iron and copper and brass——

JACK (*excitedly*). Any old metal! Don't the junk men give Thrift Stamps for them? Wait a minute! (*Goes over to a book and takes out a large card.*) I *thought* I put it in my Geography. Look! It tells the junk man to call. I'll put it in the window for him to see. (*He does so.*)

JOE. What are you going to do?

JACK. Sell the junk mother found when she cleaned out the attic. There are boots and rubbers, an old tire, bottles, old iron and copper—all things that the government wants us to salvage. I suppose they call it salvaging because it is saving something that would otherwise be thrown away.

JOE. It's a good name for it, I should say. What do you suppose the government wants with that old stuff?

JACK. I guess they do something to it that makes it as good as new, like melting down the rubber or the metal. Or perhaps they make it into something else, like making paper out of rags. The junk men do give Thrift Stamps for it. It says so on the card. Maybe if I get some stamps, mother will let

me keep them. I need just two more to fill my card.

JUNK MAN (*calling from outside*). Any ol' rags a' bot's? Any ol' rags a' bot's?

JOE and JACK. There he is!!

(*Both boys rush to the window, tap on it, beckon, then rush out. Sounds are heard of bottles knocking together, shoes dropping, tins rattling, heavy boxes bumping, muffled laughter, and calls of "Look out for my feet"! "Hey! be careful!" etc. Then silence. Enter Mrs. Keith and Mrs. Foster.*)

MRS. KEITH. The boys have gone. I do hope Jack did not forget to put out the rubbish.

(*Jack and Joe rush in.*)

JACK. Three of them! What do you think of that!

MRS. KEITH. Jack, did you——

JACK. Hullo, mother! What do you think! I sold your junk and got three Thrift Stamps and two cents for it!

MRS. KEITH. What! Sold it! To whom?

JACK and JOE. To the junk man.

MRS. KEITH. And you got seventy-seven cents for it?



“Hey! be careful!”

JACK. Yes. Three Thrift Stamps and two cents. Please may I keep two of the Stamps, mother? They will just fill my card.

MRS. KEITH. Keep them! I should say you may. You may have them all and start a new card. How did you happen to sell it?

JACK. It is called salvage, mother. The government needs old metal, rubber, rags, and so forth. So it helps the United States to sell the junk instead of throwing it away.

MRS. FOS. And it helps our government to take the pay in Thrift Stamps.

JOE. And it helps the city not to have to collect the rubbish.

JACK. And it helps me to save money.

MRS. KEITH. And it helps me to keep my house clean. Salvage seems to be a pretty useful thing!

MRS. FOS. I should say it was! I am going to clean *my* attic tomorrow. Joe, you shall salvage the junk and keep the Thrift Stamps.

JACK. I'll help you put it out, Joe, as you helped me.

JOE. I hope *I* get three stamps!

JACK. I hope you do! Come on! Just time for a ball-game! I claim first bat!

*(The Boys rush out.)*

MRS. FOS. Well, well! What an idea!

MRS. KEITH. Salvage certainly is real thrift!

### STAGING

What can you find in your schoolroom to make the rattle of the junk? Anything that makes plenty of noise will do.

What use is there for old rags and papers? Old metals? Old rubber, shoes, bottles? Have you anything you can salvage? In school? At home?

Give a good definition of thrift. Name various ways in which people can be thrifty. When is a thing extravagant? Give examples of occasions when it is real thrift to spend money. The Panama Canal cost our government millions of dollars. Why was it a thrifty project? Give similar examples.

Why should every one have a savings account? Why are Government War Savings Stamps a good way to start such an account? What other methods of savings are there? Discuss the value of Postal Savings Banks, Coöperative Banks, Government Bonds, Insurance, "Get-Rich-Quick" and "Something-for-Nothing" schemes. "There is no independence without thrift." Discuss this quotation.

# FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED

## A PLAY IN 1 ACT

Look in your newspaper at the daily weather report. The making of these reports is another of the many activities of our great government. The play tells us some of the reasons why there is a governmental Weather Bureau.

Time: April 11, 1913.

Scene: Observation Station of Weather Bureau  
at Memphis, Tennessee.

OBSERVER  
REPORTERS

CHARLIE  
TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

*(1st Reporter enters with Charlie. Both are carrying suitcases.)*

1ST REPORTER. Here we are at last, Charlie.  
*(Puts down suitcase. Observer enters.)*

OBSERVER. Good morning, Reporter. You look as if you had been travelling.

1ST REP. I have just returned from my vacation. I have been gone a month. I brought my cousin back with me. Charlie, this is the observer of the



Memphis Weather Observation Station. (*Charlie and Observer shake hands.*)

OBSERV. Is this your first time south?

CHARLIE. Yes, and it is a long journey from New York. (*Looks around curiously and points to a small machine on table.*) So this is an Observation Station, is it? What's this?

OBSERV. That is part of an electric machine which is up on the roof. It records the amount of sunshine, the temperature, the direction and speed of the wind, and the amount of rain or snow that falls.

CHAR. It does all that! It can't leave you any work at all to do.

1ST REP. (*laughing*). It is pretty nearly human, but that isn't quite all that is done in the Weather Bureau.

OBSERV. You see there are hundreds of observers throughout the country and we telegraph our observations daily to each other. We make a chart and map of all these weather conditions and send the report to Washington, D. C., and to all the other stations. So you see we have an accurate knowl-

edge of the weather conditions in every part of the country.

1ST REP. In fact, of the world, for they get records also from Canada, Mexico, Europe, China, Japan, etc.

CHAR. But what good does that do?

1ST REP. Good! Why, from them they are able to forecast the weather for the next thirty-six or forty-eight hours.

CHAR. How?

OBSERV. For instance, if there is a heavy storm in Missouri one day, and the following day it is in Indiana and the next in Ohio, our experience and observation have taught us that it is likely to be in New York or Massachusetts in a day or two. The same with a hot or cold spell of weather.

CHAR. Oh, is that the way you do it?

OBSERV. Partly the way. Of course there are other things that help us.

CHAR. (*laughing*). I thought you just took a squint at the sky and another at the weather vane and said "I guess it's going to be fine," then everybody goes off without an umbrella and it rains!

1ST REP. (*laughing*). That isn't quite fair! Eighty-five percent of the forecasts are correct.

OBSERV. They would be right oftener, only the cyclonic winds of the Middle West sometimes shift suddenly in a queer way, and carry the storms in a different direction from which they started.

CHAR. But look here, it must cost the government more money than it's worth to keep all these stations going.

1ST REP. More than it's worth! Huh! You don't suppose, do you, that these weather bureaus are all working so that you'll know when to put on your winter overcoat or whether or not it's going to be fine for your picnic!

CHAR. Not just for me, of course, but what else is it for?

OBSERV. I reckon your business isn't much affected by the weather or you would know more about it.

1ST REP. It isn't. He is a printer.

OBSERV. Hm! But if you were a farmer you'd be glad to know of a rainy spell coming before you cut your hay, wouldn't you?

1ST REP. Or to have word of a frost if you were a fruit-grower or rice-planter, so you could cover your young plants, set heaters under your trees, or flood your rice or cranberry bogs.

OBSERV. Or hear of a drought or blizzard in time to round up your cattle if you were a rancher.

1ST REP. Or be warned of squally winds if you were a sailor or fisherman.

OBSERV. Or be prepared for snow and ice if you were a lumberman——

CHAR. Or an iceman!

1ST REP. Exactly! Why, even the railroads are affected, refusing to ship perishable goods if there promises to be unusually hot or cold weather.

OBSERV. So the Bureau sends out these reports every day, by telegraph, telephone, and mail to millions of people whose interests are bound up with the weather.

1ST REP. In California just one cold-wave warning saved fourteen million dollars worth of fruit!

OBSERV. And a single hurricane warning on the Atlantic coast saved ships and cargo valued at over thirty millions of dollars.

CHAR. Whew! I never realized before what the weather reports meant to the country.

1ST REP. Well, you do now. Then, too, in the mountains of California, Oregon, and so forth, there are stations for measuring the amount of rain and snowfall to be used for irrigation purposes.

OBSERV. And on the plains they have warnings of floods—(*jumps up*). By the way, where——

(*Door opens and four other Reporters burst in.*)

ALL REP. What's the news? Has it stopped? How high is it now?

OBSERV. I haven't heard. My man hasn't sent in his report yet.

2ND REP. It's time he did.

OBSERV. Yes, it is! (*He goes out quickly.*)

1ST REP. Report on what? What is the matter?

3RD REP. What's the matter! Report on what!

Hm! You are a great reporter!

1ST REP. I have been away for a month. I just got back. Tell me what it is, will you?

4TH REP. You certainly must have been away, not to know! Come over here. (*Leads him to bulletin board.*) Read those bulletins.

5TH REP. They are copies of telegrams sent from this station to Washington.

*(All crowd around as 1st Reporter reads the first bulletin aloud.)*

Memphis, Tenn., March 26, 1913.

OBSERVER,  
Washington, D. C.

The river at Memphis will pass flood stage by Friday. No forecast of flood height in this district possible at present. Stages exceeding forty feet at Memphis and exceeding fifty feet at Helena are certain. Public warned to prepare for severe flood.

EMERY.

Great heavens, a flood warning.

ALL REP. Yes, a flood warning. Now do you wonder we want news?

1ST REP. I should say so! And here's one for the next day. *(Reads excitedly.)*

Memphis, Tenn., March 27, 1913.

OBSERVER,  
Washington, D. C.

Expect flood stage Memphis Saturday and forty feet in next five or six days. A stage approximating forty-five feet now seems possible.

EMERY.

Forty-five feet! I say, fellows, the levees won't hold!

3RD REP. That's what we're afraid of, but the men are working on them night and day. Read the next, a week later.

1ST REP.

Memphis, Tenn., April 2, 1913.

OBSERVER,

Washington, D. C.

Helena 43.6, now expect Memphis to exceed 45 and 46 is possible provided levees hold. Have advised interests to prepare for 46 Memphis and 45 Helena.

EMERY.

5TH REP. That was ten days ago. And last night it was 46.5 feet high!

1ST REP. But that's terrible! Is it still rising?

ALL REP. That is what we want to know.

4TH REP. If it is! (*Shakes his head in despair.*)

CHAR. But I don't see what there is to be so excited about.

(*All look at him with disgust.*)

4TH REP. Why, it's a flood warning, man! The Mississippi River has risen. It's still rising!

CHAR. (*looking stupid*). Oh, the river is rising, is it?

ALL REP. (*mimicking him*). Oh, the river is rising, is it?



“Why, it’s a flood warning, man!”

4TH REP. Yes, it is! What did you think those bulletins meant? (*Gets excited and waves his arms about.*) It’s rising, getting higher, going up! Up! UP!



2ND REP. It's likely to overflow! Burst the levees!—

CHAR. (*looking still more stupid*). Levees! What levees?

(*All Reporters groan.*)

2ND REP. Levees! Why, they are the mounds of earth, dikes built along the banks of the river to protect the land in case of flood. (*Aside to 1st Reporter.*) I say, doesn't your cousin know anything?

1ST REP. (*bursting out laughing*). Ha! Ha! Ha! Don't let him fool you. (*Charlie laughs.*) He knows what levees and floods are as well as you do.

(*All look angry a second, then laugh and hit Charlie playfully on the back.*)

CHAR. I couldn't help it, you all looked so excited. But, seriously, is there really any danger?

3RD REP. There surely is. Of course, every spring the river rises on account of the melting snows in the hills, but this is a real flood and it is a strain on the levees.

4TH REP. The minute the Weather Bureau sent

out the warning, the people all along the banks began strengthening them, putting sand bags at weak spots, building up low places,——

5TH REP. And praying that they hold.

CHAR. And if they don't?

*(All throw up their hands in horror.)*

1ST. REP. If they don't — good-bye, crops of cotton, sugar cane, and corn. Even villages will be destroyed! Why, Charlie, the river in flood is a raging torrent!

*(Telegraph Operator comes in hurriedly. All crowd around him, calling out "What's the news?" "Has it stopped?" etc. He pushes his way through to Observer who rushes in from the other door, snatches telegram and reads it.)*

OBSERV. Thank goodness! *(Reads.)*

No further rise in river at Memphis or Helena for last twelve hours. Height appears to have been reached. Expect waters to recede before end of week. ——

ALL. Whew! That's lucky! What a relief!

OBSERV. *(as he goes out with Operator)*. We must send the message at once.

2ND REP. (*takes out notebook and writes as he goes out*). This will be good news for the people, I can tell you.

1ST REP. It certainly will. Come on, Charlie. I will get word to my paper and then we'll take a look at the river.

CHAR. (*laughing and patting 4th Reporter on the back*). "Rising, getting higher, going up, Up, UP!"

4TH REP. No, thank goodness, falling, getting lower, going down, down, down!

(*All go out laughing.*)

#### STAGING

A box for the weather-recording machine? You can post up the telegraph bulletins to be read.

How does the weather report affect you personally? Does it help in your father's business? Do you know any one whom it would assist? What does the title of the play mean?

How would the Weather Bureau assist some of the other government activities? Lighthouse Bureau and Coast Guard? Transportation by land and water? Conservation?

The plays on the activities of our country have not touched upon all of the ways in which the government seeks to benefit our nation internally and externally. Can you mention any others? Can you find out what it does for agriculture? Labor?



PART IV

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

We have found that in peace as well as in war our government is watching over us and trying continually to help us to obtain that which it has declared to be our “unalienable rights, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.”

Do you remember what the banker said about those who suffer in a bank failure? Now “your share in this nation is like money in the bank. You are part owner of this country . . . and it is your duty . . . to help make it a good bank, for if the bank fails you may fail with it.”

So we are not going to take everything from the government and give nothing in return. We are going to give the only thing we can give, and that is good citizenship. There are patriots in peace as in war and in every condition and station in life. Look around you and see what some of our citizens have done to show their patriotism and think how you can prove your love for this wonderful country of ours, the United States of America.

# THE SWAMP FOX

## A PLAY IN 2 ACTS

What would wealth, comfort, pleasure, mean to us if we lost our liberty? General Marion realized how valueless they would be and made his choice without hesitation.

### ACT I

Time: 1780, during the War of the Revolution.

Scene: The swamp lands of South Carolina.

GEN. MARION    BRITISH CAPTAIN    "MARION'S MEN"

*(Marion is seated on the ground looking at a map. His men are also sitting around a little distance away, some asleep, some roasting sweet potatoes at the fire.)*

1ST MAN *(enters and salutes)*. General, a British captain has been brought blindfolded into camp under a flag of truce. He brings a letter from the British Colonel Watson.

MARION. Bring him in. *(The British Captain*

is brought in blindfolded. 1st Man takes off the bandages.) You have letters for me?

CAPTAIN (*haughtily*). The letters are to be given to General Marion himself, not to one of his men.

MAR. I am General Marion.

CAPT. You! General Marion!

MAR. (*laughing*). Yes. General Marion himself.

CAPT. (*stammering*). Excuse me, sir. I thought—I didn't know.

MAR. It's all right, Captain. You couldn't tell by my clothes, could you? You see, our clothes are badly worn and we have very few of them, but whatever we have Marion and his men all share alike. Your letter is from Colonel Watson?

CAPT. Yes, sir. He wishes to arrange about a treaty with the Swamp Fox—(*He stops embarrassed, then stammers.*) I—I mean—I mean with—with you, sir.

MAR. (*laughing*). So they call me the Swamp Fox, do they?

CAPT. (*hesitating*). Well yes, sir, they do. You see, you and your men have fought so cleverly among the swamps that we British, who are used to hard



ground, can no longer keep up the battle. So the Colonel is asking for your terms of surrender.

MAR. I will write to your Colonel. But, Captain, let us first have dinner. It is all ready.

CAPT. Gladly! (*Looks around but sees nothing.*)

MAR. Sam, bring on the sweet potatoes. (*Leads the way to the fire.*) Sit down, Captain. (*Motions Captain to sit on the ground. Sam pokes the sweet potatoes out of the fire with a stick and pinches them to see if they are cooked.*) Captain, have a piece of birch bark for a plate and help yourself to sweet potatoes.

CAPT. No sweet potatoes for me, thank you.

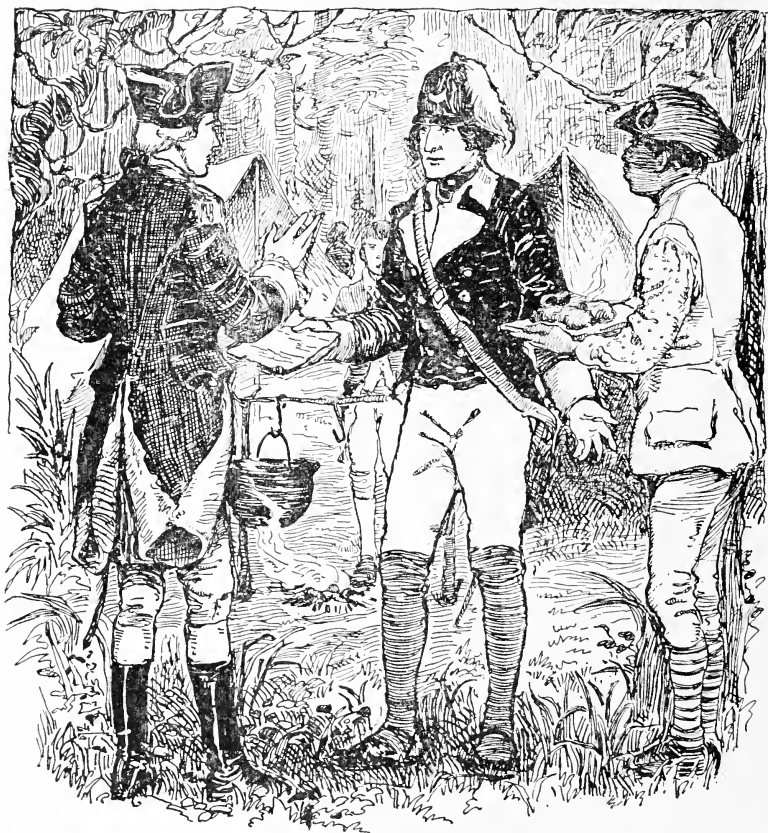
MAR. You'd better have some, for it is all we have.

CAPT. All you have! I seem to have been unfortunate in striking a day when you are faring badly.

MAR. Badly! I assure you this is a feast to us. We don't usually do as well as this.

CAPT. You don't! My word, then, you must get big pay to make up!

MAR. We get no pay, sir.



“Captain, have a piece of birch bark . . . and help yourself to sweet potatoes.”

CAPT. No pay!

MAR. Not a cent!

CAPT. But why not? What are you doing it for?

MAR. (*standing*). For liberty.

CAPT. Liberty! You are enduring great hardship for its sake.

MAR. Perhaps I am! But all the luxuries on earth are as nothing compared to the blessings of liberty. And what am I? Here today and gone tomorrow! But the Freedom I am fighting for will go down to my children and my children's children. That is my comfort, sir. That is my pay.

CAPT. General, we are fighting on opposite sides, but I honor your feelings, and as one *man* to another I salute you.

*(He salutes very earnestly. Gen. Marion returns the salute.)*

## ACT II

Time: The next day.

Scene: Headquarters of Col. Watson in South Carolina.

COL. WATSON

BRITISH CAPTAIN

*(Col. Watson is seated at table writing. Enter Captain and salutes.)*

WATSON. Well, Captain, did you see the Swamp Fox?

CAPT. Yes, Colonel, and I have brought you his answer. But it looks bad for us British.

WAT. What! Didn't you succeed in making the treaty with him?

CAPT. Yes, sir.

WAT. (*starting up*). Our army! Has Cornwallis been defeated?

CAPT. No, sir. Worse than that.

WAT. (*sinking back relieved*). Worse! What are you talking about? There can be nothing worse than that.

CAPT. Yes, there can be and there is. The unconquerable spirit of freedom in these colonists will defeat us, as sure as I am standing here.

WAT. Ridiculous!

CAPT. Sir, over in those marshes an American general and his men are fighting without pay, in rags of clothes, with roots and swamp water for food, just for liberty. And they glory in it! How can we win out against that spirit?

WAT. (*angrily*). Win! Of course we'll win! They can't beat the British army! (*Captain shrugs his shoulders. Colonel points to door angrily.*) Go!

CAPT. (*to himself as he salutes and goes out*).  
Nevertheless we don't stand a chance against such men.

WAT. (*angrily tossing the books around on the table and thumping it with his fist*). What nonsense! What nonsense!

(*He tears open Marion's letter and begins reading it.*)

#### STAGING

Sweet potatoes can be represented by waste paper crumpled up. What will you have for birch-bark plates?

Can you name any others who have sacrificed every comfort for their country? Were they all necessarily soldiers or sailors? What personal comfort might you be called on to sacrifice? In war? In peace?

# A PATRIOTIC FINANCIER

## A PLAY IN 2 ACTS

Wars are fought not alone with men or guns or powder. Money plays a most necessary part in war, and the man who gives his money unsparingly to his country is a real patriot. Here is one man who saved an army with reinforcements of money as surely as if he had brought up reinforcements of soldiers.

### ACT I

Time: Five o'clock in the morning, New Year's Day, 1777.

Scene: House of George Ross at Philadelphia.

ROBERT MORRIS

GEORGE ROSS

OLD POMPEY

*(The room is empty. A loud knock comes at the outside door. A pause. The knock is repeated. A door from another room opens and old Pompey comes in hesitatingly, an old coat over his night clothes, carrying a gun and a candlestick which trembles in his hand. The knock sounds a third time louder. The old servant shuffles timidly to the door,*

*puts down the candlestick, cocks his gun, and opens the door a crack. It is pushed open impatiently and Robert Morris, carrying a bag, strides hurriedly in.)*

MORRIS. Why did you keep me waiting so long, Pompey?

POMPEY (*dropping gun*). Wha — wha — wha — it done be Massa Robert Morris!

MOR. Of course it is. Who did you think it was? A burglar? Burglars don't knock double-knocks at the door, you old silly!

POM. Ah — Ah thought it might be the redcoats, Massa, and Ol' Pompey was gwine be ready for 'em.

MOR. (*laughing*). You'd soon drive the British out of the colonies, eh, Pompey? Is your master in?

POM. Yas, suh! Yas, suh! He am what you might say in. (*Laughs.*) Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! He am in — bed, suh!

MOR. Tell him I want to see him.

POM. But, suh, he am asleep!

MOR. Wake him up.

POM. A' five o'clock in the mornin'! Land o' glory, Mars' Robert, but mah old life wouldn't be worth a continental ef I done wake up Mars' George

Ross a' five o'clock in the mornin'. He'd throw his big boots a' mah haid!

MOR. They won't hurt your head. Hurry! Tell him I've got to see him at once. It's important.

*(Pompey shuffles out, shaking his head. Morris walks up and down thinking. George Ross enters in his dressing gown, rubbing his eyes and yawning.)*

Ross. Look here, Morris, why in heaven's name are you getting me up in the middle of the night like this? Couldn't you wait until daytime? And it's New Year's Day, too!

MOR. No, I couldn't. It is of the greatest importance. Look here, Ross. I have a letter from General Washington. He says he is in desperate need.

Ross *(starting up)*. What! He hasn't met with defeat, has he, after his brilliant Christmas victory at Trenton?

MOR. No! Oh, no! But he must have money. He must pay his soldiers.

Ross. Why doesn't Congress pay them?

MOR. Congress sends him only the Continental paper money that they print by the thousands. The



soldiers refuse to accept it. They say it is worth nothing. They demand gold and silver to send home to their families who are starving and freezing. To supply this money Washington must have \$50,000 in cash at once.

ROSS. Fifty thousand cash!

MOR. Immediately! If he does not get it, his army will go to pieces. The soldiers are willing to starve and freeze themselves, but they cannot bear to have their families suffer. Washington wrote to me for help. I am giving every dollar of my own that I can scrape up, but it is not enough to make up the \$50,000.

ROSS. What are you going to do?

MOR. I am going to my friends to get them to help.

ROSS. I can let you have several hundred in gold, and some in silver, but I have not much on hand.

MOR. Every dollar helps.

*(Ross goes over to a chest and gets out two canvas bags of money.)*

ROSS. Here is fifteen hundred in gold and eight hundred in silver. I wish it were more.

MOR. If all my friends contribute as much I can soon raise the amount. (*Takes quill pen and writes.*) And here is my personal note for \$2,300 cash received from you this day January 1, 1777.

ROSS. Your personal note, that you owe me!

MOR. Yes. I will see personally that you get your money back. If we lose the war — which, pray God, will not happen — I will personally, out of my own business, pay this money back. If we win the war, the country will stand back of it.

ROSS. But you stand to lose everything you own!

MOR. It is for my country. If my country is not worth it, nothing is worth it.

ROSS. I do not want your note. I can risk my hundreds if you can risk your thousands.

MOR. No! No! Take it. It is my wish. — And now I must hurry on my way, for I have many to see before my task will be done.

ROSS. And may you be successful!

MOR. I shall be. If I cannot borrow, I shall beg, I shall demand it! For our cause is at stake and I dare not fail! — Come, Pompey, the door! (*Pompey shuffles hurriedly in and opens the door.*)

Ross, you have a great guard here. Pompey isn't going to let the redcoats carry you off! Are you, Pompey?

POM. No, suh. I suttinly isn't! (*Laughs.*)  
Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! (*All laugh as Morris goes out.*)

## ACT II

Time: Afternoon of the same day.

Scene: Washington's camp in New Jersey.

GEN. WASHINGTON  
MEMBERS OF HIS COUNCIL

CAPTAIN  
GUARDS

(*Washington and his council are seated around a rough wooden table.*)

WASHINGTON. And that is how matters stand. Without money we cannot keep the soldiers contented, and without contented soldiers we cannot keep or increase our army.

(*Captain enters, carrying bag and guarded by two soldiers with guns.*)

CAPTAIN (*saluting*). General, I have returned from Mr. Robert Morris. He sends his compliments and this note.



“Ross, you have a great guard here.”

WASH. (*opening it*). Ah! (*Reads.*) “Here is your money, General. Whatever I can do shall be done for the good of the service. If further occasional supplies of money are necessary, you can depend upon my exertions, either in a public or private capacity.” And here (*opens the bag*) are the fifty thousand dollars.

ALL. Ah! Fifty thousand in cash!

WASH. All raised, gentlemen, on the personal pledge and word of honor of Mr. Robert Morris of Philadelphia, an honorable gentleman and a patriot.

#### STAGING

Candlestick? What did you use in “The Charter Oak”? Bags of money? What did you use in “The Mintmaster’s Daughter”?

Why was Robert Morris willing to risk his money? What did old Pompey mean by the expression “worth a continental”? Where did the saying originate?

Are we ever called upon to help the government with money? Do we give our money when we buy government bonds? Are we risking it? Why not? Why should we not grumble at paying taxes? Do we get anything in return for our taxes? What are some of the things?

# A SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE

## A PLAY IN 3 ACTS

One of the most important things in a representative government like ours is the careful selection of the people whom we choose to represent us in various positions. The responsibility rests both on the man running for office and upon the voters who are to elect him thereto. What is the duty of the voter? What is the duty of the office-holder? Is office-holding something of which to be proud? See what one of our great men thought of it.

### ACT I

Time: About 1830.

Scene: Ex-President John Quincy Adams' house  
in Massachusetts.

EX-PRESIDENT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

FRIENDS

*(Adams and his two friends are sitting talking.)*

1ST FRIEND. Mr. Adams, we have come on rather a strange errand.

ADAMS. Gentlemen, I shall be glad to do what I can for you.

*(Silence a moment, both men looking in embarrassment at each other.)*

2ND FRIEND *(hesitatingly)*. Sir, you have served the United States in many ways during your life. You have been ambassador to Holland, Prussia, Russia, and England.

1ST FRIEND. You were in the Massachusetts Legislature as State Senator.

2ND FRIEND. And Secretary of State for two terms under President Monroe.

1ST FRIEND. Lastly you have filled the highest office in the land as President of the United States.

ADAMS. Yes, I have been honored by all those positions.

1ST FRIEND *(hesitating)*. And now——

2ND FRIEND. Now the people are asking for you in another, a humbler position.

1ST FRIEND. The people of Massachusetts want you to stand as one of their Representatives in the United States Congress.

2ND FRIEND *(hurriedly putting up his hand as Adams straightens up and starts to speak)*. Mr. Adams, “we venture to tell you this because we feel

that as an ex-President, in taking this position, you would not lower yourself, but instead would raise the office of Representative."

ADAMS (*rises, speaking emphatically.*) Apologies are not necessary. Sirs, "no one can be degraded by serving the people as Representative in Congress, nor in my opinion would an ex-President of the United States be degraded by serving as select-man of his town, if elected thereto by the people."

1ST FRIEND (*eagerly*). Then you will accept, if nominated?

ADAMS. I shall consider it an honor and a privilege. I will serve the people of this state to the best of my ability for as long a time as they wish me to represent them.

BOTH FRIENDS (*starting up*). We must make known this welcome news.

(*Both shake hands with Adams and start out. 2nd Friend steps back.*)

2ND FRIEND. Mr. Adams, I wish more of our good men would look upon their duty as Americans as you do.

1ST FRIEND. We do indeed need such men.



## ACT II

Time: 1844.

Scene: Former House of Representatives (now Statuary Hall) in the Capitol, Washington, D. C.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS      SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE  
REPRESENTATIVES

*(The Representatives enter in groups, talking.)*

1ST REPRESENTATIVE. I wonder what business will come up today.

2ND REPR. I don't know.

3RD REPR. I suppose John Quincy Adams will try to present some petition or other.

SEVERAL REPR. *(groaning)*. I suppose so!

1ST REPR. He always does.

4TH REPR. You know he has vowed to present every petition sent to him.

5TH REPR. In spite of the gag rule we have passed to try to prevent him.

1ST REPR. Yes, he *said* that he would present every petition, but I know one which he will not. I have had one sent to him just to test him out.

2ND REPR. What is it?

*(1st and 2nd Representatives whisper together and laugh. All take their seats as Speaker enters and strikes his desk with the gavel.)*

SPEAKER. Gentlemen, the House has assembled and is hereby called to order. Is there any new business to come before the meeting?

ADAMS *(entering with a roll of paper in his hand)*.  
Mr. Speaker!

SPEAK. Mr. Adams!

ADAMS. I have here a petition to present.

ALL. No! No!

3RD REPR. Don't let him read it!

4TH REPR. It is anti-slavery!

ALL. No petitions! No petitions!

ADAMS *(loudly)*. Mr. Speaker, I claim the right to present it.

ALL. No! No!

5TH REPR. Stand by the gag law!

ADAMS. "I hold that the gag law is against the Constitution of the United States, against the rules of the House, and against the rights of the people."  
I demand to be heard!

ALL. No! Silence him! Put him out! Put him out! Silence him!

ADAMS. I stick to the Right of Petition. It belongs to all, high or low. In fact "the lower those might be, the greater would be their need for petition and my desire to serve them."

SPEAK. Mr. Adams, you only present petitions on your own side of the question.

ADAMS. Sir, I beg to differ from that. "It is well known that from the day I entered this House to the present time, I have felt it a sacred duty to present any respectfully worded petition from any citizen of the United States, whatever its object might be."

SPEAK. To prove my point, Mr. Adams, will you state the subject of the petition you carry in your hand?

ADAMS. With pleasure, sir. (*Unrolls the paper.*) This is a petition from the honorable member on your left (*points to 1st Representative*) to the House of Representatives of the United States, signed by citizens of the country, demanding the expulsion from Congress of the Honorable John Quincy



“This is a petition . . . to the House of Representatives  
of the United States.”

Adams, of Massachusetts, as a nuisance and a danger  
to that Honorable Body.

*(All sit silent and amazed, with mouths open.)*

SPEAK. What!

ADAMS. That is the petition which, under the  
Constitution of the United States and by the rights  
of the people, I demand to present.

(*All laugh.*)

1ST REPR. (*striking his desk*). By George, the old man sticks to his principle!

2ND REPR. Good for him!

3RD REPR. Is that the petition you had sent to him?

1ST REPR. Yes, but he turned the joke back on me very nicely.

3RD REPR. So he did, and I begin to believe he is right. This gag law is tyranny.

4TH REPR. It does seem to be undemocratic.

5TH REPR. Surely the people have a right to be heard.

6TH REPR. Mr. Adams, if the motion should come up again I believe I would vote to have the gag law repealed.

SEVERAL REPR. And I! And I!

SPEAK. Mr. Adams, you have won your right to be heard today. I think that your sportsman-like behavior and your real belief in your principle have helped your cause more than any amount of talking you could do.

ALL. Yes! Yes!

ADAMS. Sir, my one hope is that I may live to see the Right of Petition restored to the people of our great United States. (*Sits down as Speaker strikes desk. Representatives all look at each other and shake their heads.*)

### ACT III

Time: February, 1848.

Scene: As in Act II.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS      SPEAKER      REPRESENTATIVES

(*The Speaker and Representatives are at their desks.*)

SPEAK. The motion is before the House.

SEVERAL REPR. (*shouting from different parts of the House*). Question? Question?

SPEAK. The motion before the House is, Shall Congress authorize——

(*Sudden stir on floor. Adams starts to rise but falls back into his seat.*)

SEVERAL REPR. (*near Adams' seat*). Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! Wait! Stop!

1ST REPR. There is something the matter with Mr. Adams!

2ND REPR. He is ill!

3RD REPR. Water!

4TH REPR. Get a physician!

5TH REPR. Give him air!

SPEAK. (*coming down*). Keep back, gentlemen!

ADAMS (*slowly and breathlessly*). It—is—the last—of earth! I—am—content!

SPEAK. Mr. Adams, you will be better when you lie down a while. (*To Representatives*) Carry him into my room.

(*Two or three gently carry him out. The others gather into groups talking excitedly in low voices.*)

5TH REPR. I am afraid this is the end.

6TH REPR. It is fitting that he should die here on his field of battle like a soldier.

7TH REPR. Yes, here he has always fought the good fight for the people.

8TH REPR. Do you remember how for eight years he fought against the gag rule?

9TH REPR. How he finally won?

10TH REPR. And how the law was repealed?

SPEAK. (*entering with bowed head*). Gentlemen, Mr. Adams is no more. (*He puts his hands on*

*Adams' desk.*) I hope that sometime a tablet can be placed at this spot where he worked so faithfully for the people he loved, and where in the midst of his labors he fell. On that tablet there should be the words which he so often and so loyally uttered, "John Quincy Adams! Here!"

*(All go out quietly.)*

### STAGING

Try to make a decided contrast between the excitement of the refusal to allow the reading of the petition and the silence of surprise when the contents are heard.

Whom did Adams always consider first? What is a petition? Why should the people have the "Right of Petition"? What did the "gag rule" mean? What does "expulsion" mean? Tell in your own words the subject of the petition read by Adams. It is interesting to note that the spot on which Adams' desk stood is marked by a star and the words which the Speaker suggested.

Can you name any good office-holders in your community? Why do you consider them good? When is a man a poor representative of the people?



# LINCOLN, DEPUTY SURVEYOR

## A PLAY IN 2 ACTS

Hard work and study! Combine these qualifications with honesty and you have a valuable citizen, whether his position be high or low. You can name for yourself the greatest example in our history of such a man.

### ACT I

Time: 1833.

Scene: Office of Surveyor Calhoun in Sangamon County, Illinois.

COUNTY SURVEYOR CALHOUN  
UNITED STATES LAND AGENT

ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
DENNIS HANKS

*(Calhoun is drawing plans on a large paper. Hanks is smoking at one side. Agent enters.)*

AGENT. Good morning, Surveyor.

CALHOUN. Good morning, Agent.

HANKS *(drawing out his words)*. Mornin', partner.

AGENT. Have you drawn up those plans for the township?

CAL. Yes. Here they are, just finished. But I haven't surveyed the new road yet.

AGENT. You haven't! How is that?

CAL. I have too much work on hand. The United States is doing such a rushing land business out here in Illinois, I can't catch up with all the surveying of the farm lines.

AGENT. That is true. Since the Erie Canal was finished the immigrants are coming out in great numbers and buying up the public lands all through this region.

CAL. Faster than I can measure them.

AGENT. Why don't you get an assistant and make him deputy surveyor?

CAL. I shall have to do so. I can't handle the work much longer alone.

AGENT (*picking up roll of plans*). Well, good luck!

CAL. (*nods*). Good-bye.

HANKS. 'Bye, partner. (*Agent goes out. Hanks smokes silently while Calhoun draws.*) Look a' here, Calhoun! Whom are you going to have for deputy surveyor?

CAL. I don't know, Dennis. I must look around the County and find someone who knows the business.

HANKS. Why don't you hire Abe Lincoln?

CAL. Does Abe know surveying?

HANKS. Guess likely. He knows 'bout most everything in the world, backwoodsing, and farming, and lawyering, and speechifying. Don't think he'd miss a little thing like measuring land.

CAL. (*laughing*). Surveying means more than just measuring off so many yards of earth, Dennis. It takes much studying and figuring and reading to know how to do it.

HANKS. If it's readin' I reckon Abe knows it. Read! Say, Cal, that boy just eats up readin' as if it were honey in the honeycomb! "Seems to me now I've never seen Abe since he was twelve that he hasn't had a book in his hand or in his pocket. When he was a lad he'd put a book inside his shirt and fill his pockets with corn cakes and go off to plow or hoe. When noon came he'd sit under a tree and read and eat. When he came to the house at night, he'd tilt back a chair by the chimney, put his feet on the rung, and read."

CAL. (*laughing*). He is still at it, then, for I met him the other day as he was delivering the mail. He was striding along on his great long legs, a big law book in his hands, (*slaps his knee*) and I declare if he wasn't reading as he walked!

HANKS (*solemnly*). You know, "it doesn't seem natural, somehow, to see a fellow read so much." No, nor write either! If he isn't reading he's writing. Out on the farm he'd write all over the fences and trees and bits of board with charcoal, or in the sand with a stick. "Denny," he'd say to me many a time, "look at that, will you? Abraham Lincoln! That stands for me. It doesn't look a bit like me, does it?" Then he'd stand and look at it as if it meant a heap to him.

CAL. (*thoughtfully*). Yes, Abe's a student and a hard worker.

HANKS. You're right there, partner. Abe's not scared of any hard work on earth.

CAL. And he's honest.

HANKS (*slapping his leg*). As honest as the day!  
(*Knock comes at the door.*)

CAL. I reckon this is Abe now. It is about this

time that he brings the mail around.... Come in!

LINCOLN (*entering with book under his arm*).  
Good day, Surveyor.

CAL. Good morning, Abe.

LIN. And here is my old cousin, Denny!

HANKS. Howdy, Abe.

LIN. (*taking off his hat and lifting letters from it*). Here is your mail, Calhoun. You see, "I carry the post office in my hat!"

(*All laugh.*)

CAL. How do you like being postmaster?

LIN. Well, it is not a very big office, but it gives me plenty of time to read.

CAL. Would you care to hire out to me as deputy surveyor? I'd like to have you for a helper.

LIN. Now, that is nice of you, Calhoun, and I'd be glad to do it, but I'm sorry to say I don't know surveying.

CAL. That's too bad.

LIN. I could learn.

CAL. (*doubtfully*). I am afraid, Abe, I couldn't wait. I have to have a man pretty soon. Work is getting heavy.

LIN. If you can give me six weeks I'll do the job.

CAL. Six weeks! Man, you can't learn surveying in six weeks! It takes months and months to learn the business.

LIN. I can't promise to learn every single thing about it, but I'll guarantee to know how to survey any roads or towns likely to be built here in Sangamon County.

CAL. It's a big job.

LIN. I can swallow a powerful lot of knowledge in six weeks.

CAL. I believe you there. Well, I'll give you the time, and I wish you luck.

LIN. Thank you, Surveyor. I can but try. "I say 'try', for if we never try we never succeed." Do you happen to have a book on the subject that I may borrow?

CAL. I certainly have. Here. If you learn that you'll know all that is necessary. But I don't see how you can do it.

LIN. "Work, work, work is the main thing." "It's all in that one word, Thorough!"

HANKS. That's Abe all right, Surveyor. Thor-

ough and hard working and ambitious.

LIN. Personally "I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday." (*All nod.*) I'll be back, then, in six weeks. Good-bye.

HANKS and CAL. Good-bye. (*Lincoln goes out.*)

CAL. He's tackled more than he can handle.

HANKS. I don't know 'bout that. I've seen Abe "wrestle" with a good many of the boys and he most generally comes out on top. I don't think he'll let a little book-learning throw him.

(*Calhoun shakes his head and goes back to his drawing.*)

## ACT II

Time: Six weeks later.

Scene: As in Act I.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
SURVEYOR CALHOUN

DENNIS HANKS  
AGENT

(*Calhoun is drawing as before. Enter Hanks.*)

HANKS. I say, Surveyor, I just 'bout have to say that you'd better take back that job you promised Abe Lincoln.

CAL. I thought he couldn't do it.

HANKS. Oh, he'll do it right enough, but he's just about killing himself with it.

CAL. How?

HANKS. Why, he's a-studying so hard. Day and night! (*Lincoln enters unnoticed, two poles wound round with grapevine over his shoulder and a roll of paper under his arm.*) He has all his friends worried for him. No man's health can stand it.

CAL. I warned him it was a big task.

LIN. You did, Surveyor. (*Others turn around in surprise.*) But I have done it.

CAL. You—You've learned surveying!

LIN. Yes, sir! And here I am! "All charged and primed like a gun at half-cock."

CAL. (*sinking into his seat*). Well—I—never—did!

HANKS. We thought sure you'd kill yourself, Abe.

LIN. Denny, it would take more than six weeks of hard study to knock out my old frame toughened by years of rail-splitting, corn-hoeing, cabin-building.

HANKS (*nodding*). You had plenty of that, sure enough.





“I warned him it was a big task.”

CAL. But how did you do it?

LIN. I'm blessed with the power of concentration, Calhoun. I remember in New Salem seeing a man engraving on a piece of steel. "Now my mind is like that bit of steel—very hard to scratch anything on it, and almost impossible, after you get it there, to rub it out." The whole secret is "Hang on with a bulldog grip" and "have confidence in yourself"!

*(Enter Agent.)*

CAL. Ah, just in time to meet Abe Lincoln. I am considering him for deputy surveyor.

AGENT. Good morning. *(Looks at poles and then at Lincoln.)* What have you there?

LIN. That is my surveyor's chain.

AGENT. Surveyor's chain! Looks to me like a grapevine.

LIN. It is a grapevine, but it is my surveyor's chain, nevertheless.

AGENT *(laughing jeeringly)*. Surveying with a grapevine! Who ever heard of such a thing!

LIN. *(laughing good-naturedly)*. I'll admit it does not look very scientific, but I can't afford to

buy a steel one, and after all, I think it will be as serviceable in the end. For if it shrinks or lengthens I can throw it away and get a new one, which is more than you can do with a real chain.

AGENT (*scornfully*). Calhoun, surely you won't take this man!

LIN. (*quietly*). Surveyor, I have here my surveying records of the farm on the northeast corner of the new township. I did it to prove my knowledge of the subject. Will you compare mine with your records and see if mine are accurate?

CAL. Gladly. (*Takes Lincoln's papers and spreads them out beside his, nodding his head and saying "Yes!" "Yes!" "Correct!" "Right!" etc. He strikes table.*) Lincoln, that is correct! Remarkably correct! It shows great care and accuracy.

AGENT. And I beg your pardon for laughing at you. (*They shake hands.*)

LIN. You may "laugh as long as the thing works well."

CAL. Abe, you're hired at three dollars a day.

LIN. Three dollars a day! Denny, do you hear

that? Three dollars a day! "That will procure bread and keep body and soul together," won't it?

HANKS. It will surely help some. Abe, you are going up in the world. Farm boy, river hand, shop-keeper, postmaster, surveyor! What next?

LIN. Lawyer, I hope. For "the way for a young man to rise is to prepare himself in every way he can."

CAL. You will get there.

HANKS. He will if work and study will do it.

LIN. Now, Calhoun, I'm ready to begin.

#### STAGING

Board rulers and string for Lincoln's grapevine chain? Remember that Hanks must speak in a slow, drawling fashion.

Can you tell other stories of Lincoln's industry? Give other historical examples of diligence. Can you point to any one in your community who has risen because of his industry? Why is it a good qualification for citizenship?

Give other fine traits of Lincoln's character with stories illustrating them. Quote some of his great sayings and speeches.

# THE SOLDIERS' ANGEL

## A PLAY IN 2 ACTS

Surely love for our fellow beings and care for their welfare is a noble qualification of citizenship. Here is a story about a woman who afterwards founded the great Society of the Red Cross in America.

### ACT I

Time: During the Civil War.

Scene: Behind the lines of the Northern army.

CLARA BARTON

WAGON DRIVERS

*(Several Drivers are gathered in a grumbling group at one side. Clara Barton is busy with a big kettle over a camp fire.)*

1ST DRIVER. I won't move another step for her!

2ND DRIV. And I won't drive another wagon!

3RD DRIV. Does she think we are going to take orders from a woman?

4TH DRIV. Who is this Clara Barton, anyway?

5TH DRIV. Oh, she's some crazy crank who thinks

she can help by taking bandages and medicine up to the firing line.

1ST DRIV. She says the Field Hospitals will save thousands of lives! (*All laugh jeeringly.*)

2ND DRIV. What does a woman know about war, anyway! She'll scream or faint at the first sight of the wounded.

3RD DRIV. She won't be able to stand the hard life of the army.

4TH DRIV. Why can't she let the wounded be taken back to the hospitals as they always have been? It's just like a woman to think of such a crazy thing as Field Hospitals.

5TH DRIV. Yes, and *we'll* have to carry all the stuff up to the lines. A nice job!

1ST DRIV. Where did she get permission to do it?

2ND DRIV. They say she bothered the government so that they had to let her try it.

3RD DRIV. A fine thing to put a woman over us!

4TH DRIV. Well, we showed her today that we weren't easy to handle.

5TH DRIV. She'll soon get discouraged and go home.

ALL. Yes, that she will!

1ST DRIV. If we have anything to do with it!

CLARA BARTON (*calling*). Will one of you men come here, please? (*Nobody stirs.*) Number 4, will you lift this kettle for me?

(*4th Driver winks and grins at the others.*)

4TH DRIV. I guess not!

(*Clara Barton looks at the group quietly a moment, then with a great effort lifts the heavy kettle from the fire.*)

3RD DRIV. Hm! I suppose she thinks we'll get her supper for her.

4TH DRIV. Let her lift her own kettles and open her own tinned beef! We've got enough to do to feed ourselves.

5TH DRIV. Come on, let's see about food now. I'm hungry.

2ND DRIV. Yes, come on.

(*All start off.*)

CLARA B. (*coming up quietly*). Your supper is ready and waiting for you.

ALL (*standing still in surprise*). Ready? Supper ready for us!

CLARA B. Yes, I made a hot stew. We all need something warm and good after our hard day's work.

*(She goes back and begins ladling out a stew.)*

1ST DRIV. Hot stew!

2ND DRIV. Whee!

*(All look at each other ashamed, discuss it a minute, "Shall we?" "Might as well." "Come on." etc., then one by one slowly walk over to the fire, seat themselves, take their dish of stew silently and eat. Clara Barton busies herself serving them, asking now and then if they will have more. They nod abruptly, grunt out "You bet!" "Yep!" "That I will!" etc., and hold out their plates. As they finish, one by one they get up and go off into the darkness, until Clara Barton is left alone. She takes a dish of stew and begins to eat. As she finishes three of the men, looking much ashamed, come back and stand awkwardly near her. She moves over to give them room at the fire, but they stop her.)*

1ST DRIV. "We didn't come to get warm, ma'am. We've come to tell you that we are ashamed. The truth is, we've never been under a woman before and we didn't understand it."





“Have some more!” “That I will!”

2ND DRIV. "We've been mean and contrary all day, and you've treated us like generals. You've given us the best meal we've had in two years. We ask you to forgive us and we won't trouble you again."

*(She jumps up and shakes hands with them.)*

CLARA B. Of course I forgive you. I knew you didn't understand, but would soon see that I mean to be a friend to all soldiers. We'll work together, won't we, to try and relieve the suffering of the poor fellows on the field.

ALL. That we will, ma'am.

3RD DRIV. We'll do whatever you ask us to, even if it means driving the wagons into the very fight.

CLARA B. Thank you.

4TH DRIV. *(coming in)*. Now, ma'am, you've had a hard day and must be tired. We have made a bed for you in an ambulance. It's not very grand, but it's better than the ground.

CLARA B. *(holding out both hands to them)*. Oh, thank you! Thank you, my friends! I shall rest so comfortably in it, for you have given me pleasant dreams.

*(She goes out. The men look after her, then at each other, half ashamed.)*

1ST DRIV. *(slowly)*. She's a pretty good sort of little woman after all.

2ND DRIV. You're right.

3RD DRIV. Yes, sir!

4TH DRIV. I agree with you.

CLARA B. *(coming back a little way)*. Oh, you have made everything so cozy! Even to the lantern hanging from the roof and the bit of broken mirror on the nail! Good night, and thank you again.

ALL. Good night, ma'am!

*(She goes.)*

2ND DRIV. I'm not much of a cook, boys, but as sure as my name is Jonathan Jones *(slaps his leg)*, I'm going to get up and cook her breakfast!

*(They slap him approvingly on the back and go out).*

## ACT II

Time: Six months later.

Scene: Fredericksburg, Maryland.

CLARA BARTON    WAGON DRIVERS    COLONEL    MAJOR  
SOLDIERS

*(Drivers are taking supplies into a house. Sol-*

*diers are hurrying back and forth about their business, some are cleaning guns, etc. Clara Barton is watching them. Colonel on other side of street sees her.)*

COLONEL. Major, see that woman over there. She must have been left behind when the city was cleared of all civilians.

MAJOR. This is no place for a *woman*. Every street is a firing line and every house a hospital. She is not safe.

COL. I shall offer to have her taken to safety. (*Crosses street to her and salutes. Soldiers and Drivers jump to attention.*) Madam, you are alone and in great danger. May I offer you protection?

CLARA B. (*smiling and shaking her head*). "Thank you, Colonel, but it is not necessary. I believe I am the best protected woman in the United States."

SOLDIERS. She's right! That's so!

1ST DRIV. Hurrah for Clara Barton! Hurrah for the Soldiers' Angel!

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!

(*Colonel and Major look at each other in surprise.*)

COL. Clara Barton! The noble woman who has nursed the sick, dressed the wounded, soothed the dying, and buried the dead! (*Turns to her.*) Upon my word, madam, you are right. You are not only the best protected, but the best *loved* woman in the United States.

### STAGING

A waste-basket makes an excellent stew kettle, and books will serve for dishes. Books also for supplies in Act II. Can you make the contrast between the rude drivers and the ashamed ones, the busy soldiers and the same ones at attention?

What care is taken of the sick and wounded in battle now? Who takes care of them? What other organization has done wonderful work since its beginning? What else does the Red Cross do besides war work?

Can you name any other famous nurses? Any famous doctors?

# NO MAN IS ABOVE THE LAW

## A PLAY IN 1 ACT

What did we find was President John Quincy Adams' feeling about representing the people in the making of their laws? This is how another famous president felt with regard to existing laws.

Time: About 1880.

Scene: New York City.

GEN. GRANT (Ex-President)  
FRIEND

FIREMEN  
POLICE

CROWD

*(Sounds of fire-engines are heard outside. Gong, "Clang clang clang, clang clang clang, clang clang clang!" Whistle, "Whe-eee-eee!" Engine pumps "Chug-chug-chug-chug-chug-chug!")*

1ST FIREMAN (*outside*). Ladder here, Bill! Run her up!

2ND FIRE. Look out! All right now.

3RD FIRE. Throw a line here, Tim. Make it fast! Better start a stream on that corner blaze.

1ST FIRE. Steady, boys!

*(Engine chugs again, as crowd runs in from all directions.)*

1ST MAN. Where's the fire?

2ND MAN. Corner of Broadway, I think.

3RD MAN. That's a bad place!

4TH MAN. The whole block will be likely to go.

5TH MAN. They have sent in another alarm.

*(Gong clangs outside.)*

6TH MAN. Here comes another engine.

*(New engine clangs and whistles and chugs like the first one. Big crowd has gathered and pushes close to the fire. Policemen push them back.)*

1ST MAN *(pushing forward again)*. Look!

2ND MAN. Whee! What a blaze!

1ST POLICEMAN. Back! Back! Get Back!

*(They move back muttering, then forward again.)*

POLICE SERGEANT. Officers, keep that crowd back! The firemen must have room to work. Besides it is dangerous. *(To crowd.)* Do you want the building to fall on you? Keep back!

2ND POLICE. They don't care whether they are killed or not, sir.

SERG. But we do.

3RD POLICE. They don't mind how we push them back at all.

SERG. Then rope off the street and don't let them through. Keep this danger zone clear. Do you hear? Keep it clear!

ALL POLICE. Yes, sir. (*Salute. 1st and 2nd Policemen begin roping off, while 3rd Policeman keeps pushing back the crowd, who grumble, make remarks about the fire, etc. Gen. Grant comes down the street toward the fire. He meets a Friend, and they walk on together.*)

FRIEND. Ah, General Grant, are you going to the fire?

GRANT. I thought I would walk over and see it. I am always interested in seeing the firemen fight their enemy.

FRIEND (*peering over the heads of the crowd*). It is a big fire this time, General.

GRANT. It certainly is! Too bad! Too bad!

1ST FIRE. (*outside*). Chop away that door, Bill. We've got to get a hose into that cellar. (*Sounds of chopping are heard.*)



2ND FIRE. Come on, Tim. Lend a hand with this hose. Drag her through! Careful now! Keep close to the ground. The place is full of smoke.

GRANT. What brave fellows our firemen are! Scorched by flames, choked with smoke, drenched with water, they climb over roofs that are ready to fall, creep through windows into blazing rooms, or crawl into cellars whose walls are tottering. They risk their lives for men, women, children, even animals, and think of it as only in their day's work. The firemen and the policemen are surely our cities' guardians.

FRIEND. They certainly are.

*(Gen. Grant has pushed forward to the front row and is standing near the rope.)*

3RD FIRE. *(loudly from outside)*. Look out, men! Look out! The wall is going! *(A loud crash and sound of things falling is heard, then silence for an instant.)* Are you all clear? Is any one hurt? Tom, did it get you?

1ST FIRE. *(slowly)*. Not badly. Beam struck my arm, but fell sideways, and that saved me.

3RD FIRE. Good! Take care of it. There, Tim,

play the stream on the next building. We've got to save that.

*(Gen. Grant in his interest has slipped under the rope and is in the open space. 1st Policeman turns on him.)*

1ST POLICE. Hey! Get out! What are you doing here? What do you suppose that rope is for? *(He takes Gen. Grant by the arm, leads him back to the rope and pushes him under.)* Stay there, now, and mind you don't try that trick again.

*(Crowd laughs jeeringly.)*

3RD MAN. Ha! He caught you that time, didn't he?

4TH MAN *(to 5th Man)*. That man must have thought he had a special privilege.

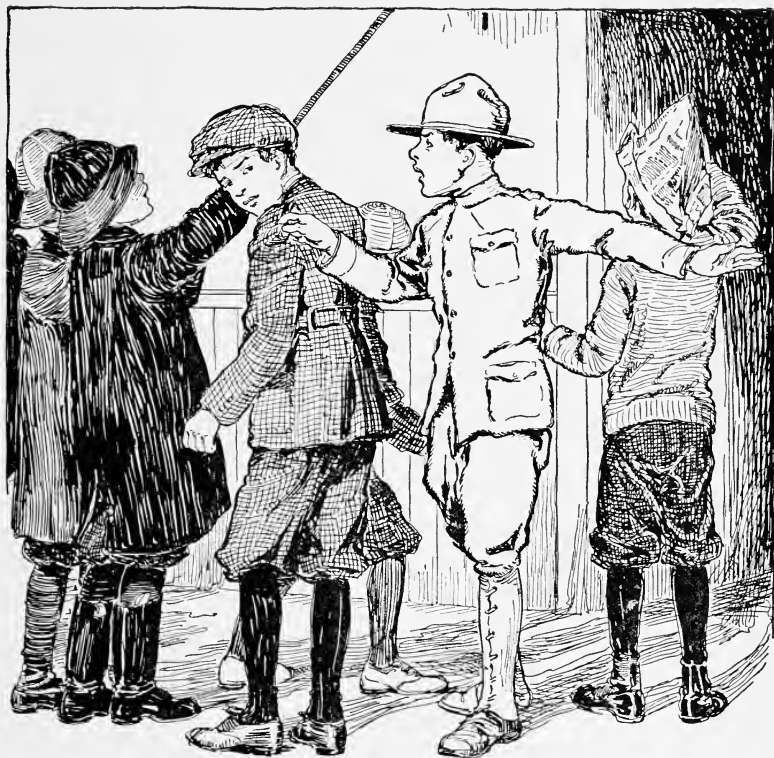
GRANT. No, I had no business there.

1ST FIRE. We're getting her, boys.

2ND FIRE. Yes, sir! She's dying down.

*(Grant quietly leaves the crowd.)*

FRIEND *(as they walk away)*. General, why didn't you tell that policeman who you were? Think of him turning *you* back! A general famous all over the world, and an ex-President of the United States!



“What do you suppose that rope is for?”

GRANT. The policeman was perfectly right. I had no business under the rope. The rule that was made for others was made for me. President, general, or private citizen, I should obey it, for no man is above the law.

## STAGING

There must be much noise and confusion when the fire breaks out, both from the firemen outside and from the watching crowd. Clang your bells vigorously. Choose your noisiest whistlers. What did you use for "chugging" in "A Race Across the Continent"? For the crashing of falling timbers in "Fighting a Forest Fire"?

Should we all feel as Grant did concerning the law? Can you name any occasion when you have felt "above the law," in other words above the rules of school, home, or play? Were you right? Why is obedience a virtue?

Can you tell any hero stories of firemen? Of policemen? Why are policemen required to take a solemn oath before being taken into the service?

# “A MESSAGE TO GARCIA”

## A PLAY IN 3 ACTS

Prompt obedience we found was a virtue. Add to it self-reliance and the possessor can accomplish wonders. See what this man was able to do.

### ACT I

Time: During the Spanish-American War, 1898.

Scene: President's Room in the White House, at  
Washington, D. C.

PREST. MCKINLEY  
LT. ANDREW ROWAN

COLONEL  
SERVANT

*(Prest. McKinley is at the table writing. Servant  
knocks.)*

MCKINLEY. Come in!

SERVANT. The Colonel has arrived, sir.

MCKIN. Admit him.

*(President puts down his pen and swings his chair  
around as Colonel enters and salutes.)*

COLONEL. You sent for me, Mr. President?



“A message to Garcia.”

McKIN. On important business. It is very necessary that I get word at once to General Garcia, the leader of the Cuban army. I must let him know what our army is doing and tell him what he must do to work with us.

COL. (*shaking his head*). That will be difficult. Neither mail nor telegraph message can reach him, for the Spaniards have cut off all communication.

McKIN. That is the trouble. Besides, Garcia is hidden away in the mountains of Cuba, no one knows just where. Yet a message must get through.

COL. (*slapping his knee*). I know the very man who can carry it.

McKIN. Who is it?

COL. Lieutenant Rowan. Lieutenant Andrew Rowan.

McKIN. Where is he?

COL. Fortunately he happens to be outside in my carriage.

McKIN. Good! (*Rings bell. Servant enters.*) Have Lieutenant Rowan brought to me. (*Servant bows and goes out.*) It is not an easy task that I am asking. The Spaniards hold the coast. The

Cubans are somewhere in the interior. The country is full of danger and disease.

COL. But Rowan will get to Garcia, if any one can. (*Servant enters.*)

SERV. Lieutenant Rowan, sir.

(*Rowan enters, alert and quick, salutes and stands at attention.*)

McKIN. Lieutenant Rowan, I want you to carry a message to Garcia.

ROWAN. Yes, sir.

McKIN. (*handing him a sealed envelope*) It is important and it *must* reach him.

ROW. Yes, sir. I'll get it to him, sir. (*He takes the papers, wraps them in an oiled cloth, and puts them in an inside pocket.*) I'll start at once.

McKIN. Do so. (*Rowan salutes and goes out quickly. President and Colonel look after him in silence until the door closes. McKinley strikes the desk.*) Colonel, you were right. That young man will get that message to Garcia. He knows how to obey an order. He wasted no time. He asked no questions. He did not want to know "Why?" or "Where is he?" or "How will I get there?" No!



He said, "I'll get it to him, I'll start at once." I tell you, Colonel, that young man will succeed. I need have no fear. Garcia will get his message.

## ACT II

Showing in three scenes without words how Rowan carried the message to Garcia.

Time: During the next month.

Scene I: Patrol of the Spanish sentries on the coast of Cuba.

LT. ROWAN

SPANISH SENTINELS

*First Sentinel is marching back and forth, gun on shoulder. Presently Rowan peeks his head cautiously around a rock, but pulls it back quickly as Sentinel turns. He does this two or three times. Presently 2nd Sentinel comes up to 1st Sentinel, gun on shoulder, and the two stand talking with their backs to Rowan. The latter cautiously and slowly creeps from behind the rock, rushes silently, bent double, to a bush some yards distant, and drops behind it just as 1st Sentinel turns and listens suspiciously with his gun held ready. He looks at 2nd*

*Sentinel who cocks his head on one side. 1st Sentinel points to the rock, goes over, looks behind it, shakes head and comes back. 2nd Sentinel shrugs his shoulders and marches off. 1st Sentinel resumes his patrol. Rowan peers out from the bush, watches his chance, and slips behind a tree, repeating this two or three times until he has reached the forest, then runs silently off. 1st Sentinel continues to walk to and fro, listening every now and then, but hearing nothing.*

Scene II: Hidden camp of Gen. Garcia.

LT. ROWAN      GEN. GARCIA      CUBAN ORDERLY

*Garcia is studying some papers. A Cuban Orderly enters with Lt. Rowan. Orderly salutes and points to Rowan who salutes. Garcia sits up in astonishment and points to Rowan's uniform. Rowan nods. Garcia points to the coast and shakes his head. Rowan nods. Garcia throws up his hands in amazement. Rowan takes the oilskin package from inside his coat, salutes, and hands it to Garcia, who nods understandingly. He points to Rowan to sit, but latter smiles and makes gesture to show he*

*is hungry. Garcia nods vigorously, and beckoning to Orderly, motions to him to take Rowan out and give him food. Rowan salutes and follows Orderly. Garcia opens letters, reads, then takes paper and begins to write.*

Scene III: On board U. S. Cruiser off coast of Cuba.

LT. ROWAN

CAPTAIN

SAILORS

*A Sailor is on the ship's lookout. Suddenly he sees something, and with hand to mouth makes signs of calling to the Sailors below on the deck. They look up. He points excitedly out into the water. They rush to the side of the ship and gesticulate excitedly. Captain comes up and they point in explanation. He gives orders by pointing to the different ones and sending them here and there. A Sailor soon comes back with Rowan who, coatless, is shaking the water from his clothes and out of his eyes. He leans exhausted against the railing. The Captain looks at him sternly. Rowan salutes. Captain looks surprised, salutes, and points to his clothes. Rowan draws himself up stiffly and points*

*to his shoulders where his lieutenant's bars would be. Captain points suspiciously to the Cuban coast. Rowan makes motion of swimming, puts his hand inside his wet shirt, brings out his oilskin package, taps it, points to Cuba, then to America. Captain nods understandingly and salutes. Rowan taps the package, gesticulates vigorously toward America, points to the masts, and nods. Captain nods in assent, beckons three or four sailors, gives orders as if pulling up anchor, pointing below to the machinery, to the steering wheel, etc. He points to his own dry clothes and to the wet ones of Rowan. The latter smiles, pats the oilskin package, and nods with relief. Then he and the Captain walk off, Rowan as if very tired.*

### ACT III

Time: A week later.

Scene: As in Act I.

PREST. MCKINLEY  
LT. ROWAN

COLONEL  
SERVANT

*(Prest. McKinley and Colonel are seated at the table as before.)*

McKIN. Colonel, you will be interested to know that Lieutenant Rowan has returned from Cuba.

COL. (*eagerly*). Did he succeed?

McKIN. That I do not know. I am expecting him immediately. (*Servant enters.*) Well?

SERV. Lieutenant Rowan, sir.

(*Rowan enters, salutes, and stands at attention.*)

McKIN. Ah! I am glad you returned safely.

Row. I have the honor to report, sir, that I delivered your message to General Garcia, and I bring return dispatches from him.

McKIN. Good! Very good! (*Takes letters.*) How were you able to find the General?

Row. I went to Cuba on a United States ship. When a few miles from the island I got into a small rowboat and rowed to shore.

COL. Right through the Spanish lines?

Row. Yes. I watched my chance and slipped through. I struck right into the interior, and made toward the mountains.

McKIN. On foot?

Row. Yes, sir. There I found General Garcia in a cunning hiding place. I gave him your message

and started home. Three weeks from my landing I came out on the other side of the island, swam out to another U. S. ship, which brought me back here.

McKIN. (*standing and shaking his hand*). Lieutenant Rowan, you have done well, and I thank you in my name and in the name of our country.

Row. I only did my duty, sir.

McKIN. We all have duties to perform, but we do not all do them as promptly as you do. I wish every young man would take you for an example, Lieutenant Rowan, and be as prompt and ready to carry *his* "message to Garcia."

### STAGING

With a little practice the scenes without words can easily be worked out. They are really "moving pictures." Any high place in your room will serve as the sailor's lookout.

Why did the Colonel feel so sure Rowan could carry the message? Do you personally know any one who has Rowan's qualifications? Did you ever have to "carry a message to Garcia"? Did you fail or succeed, and why?

Do you know another story in our American history similar to the "Garcia" episode? Read the story of Washington in the French and Indian War going to the French Commander Duquesne at the request of Governor Dinwiddie. Try to make a play of this incident, using the Garcia play as an example.

# BILLY BATES' BICYCLE

## A PLAY IN 3 ACTS

We have found that the government thinks thrift of sufficient benefit to the country to establish a special department to teach and encourage it. Therefore we are showing not only common sense but good citizenship by practising it. Notice that thrift means getting full value for your money, not necessarily putting it in the bank.

See how one schoolboy learned the true worth of thrift and the pleasure of self-denial.

### ACT I

Time: The present.

Scene: Room in Mr. Bates' house.

MR. BATES

BILLY

BILLY. Father, will you buy me a bicycle?

MR. BATES (*looking up from his newspaper*). I can't, my son. A bicycle costs a great deal of money.

BILLY. There is a beauty in Black and Mason's window for only \$70.

MR. BATES. Only \$70! Only! Do you think

seventy-dollar bills grow on bushes? Now, let me see! Let — me — see! (*Thinks a minute while Billy looks at him anxiously.*) Billy, do you really want a bicycle?

BILLY (*jumping up*). I surely do!

MR. BATES. More than anything else?

BILLY. Oh yes, father, much more! All the fellows have them.

MR. BATES. Then you would rather have it than candy, or sodas, or the movies, or—or things of that sort?

BILLY. Why, y-yes.

MR. BATES. Of course if you do prefer sweets and theaters and——

BILLY. But I tell you I'd rather have the bicycle than anything!

MR. BATES. All right. Now I have a proposition to make. Do you ever buy any Thrift Stamps out of your allowance?

BILLY. A few, and I have three War Stamps which I got for Christmas. About \$15 altogether. But that won't buy a bicycle.

MR. BATES. Not by itself, but it helps, and if



you keep on buying Thrift Stamps you will have enough——

BILLY (*loudly*). Enough! Why, father, it would take a hundred years! With my mean little bit of an allowance!

MR. BATES (*quietly*). How much allowance do I give you?

BILLY. Seventy-five cents a week.

MR. BATES. Do you spend it all every week?

BILLY. Do I! I should say I do!

MR. BATES. How?

BILLY. Oh, carfares three or four times a week.

MR. BATES. Where to?

BILLY. Usually to school if I am late in starting in the morning. Then there are lunches at recess.

MR. BATES. Lunches? I thought you took lunch from home.

BILLY. I do, but I generally buy an ice-cream or candy or something extra. All the fellows do.

MR. BATES. So of course you must. What else?

BILLY. Then there's a movie about every week or—or something. Oh, there are a hundred things I could spend it on if I only had the money.

MR. BATES. That's true, there are. The only question is what you want *most*. Do you want the things that you enjoy for the moment, which are over and done with in no time, or do you want the things that last? Do you want ice-cream, candy, movies, another fifteen minutes in bed? Or do you prefer a bicycle or a boat or a toboggan?

BILLY. Why, I—I suppose—I prefer the bicycle. But, father, it would take me forever to save enough——

MR. BATES. My boy, I was a good deal older than you before I had a bicycle, and I worked many hard, long hours to get the money to buy one. Surely you should be willing to practice a little thrift to own one.

BILLY. Y-yes, I suppose so.

MR. BATES. Now, here is my proposal. I suggest that you try giving up some of your sodas and car-fares and movies and buy Thrift Stamps. (*Billy starts to speak but Mr. Bates holds up his hand.*) You may buy as many as you can in a week or one or none, just as you wish—but for every stamp you buy, I will buy you one to match it. That is, if you buy two this week, I will buy two more for

you. If you buy one I will buy one. And if you don't buy any, I will not buy any. Think, if you should be able to resist temptation enough to save your whole seventy-five cents, I would double it so that you would really have a dollar and a half for that week.

BILLY. Wow!

MR. BATES. Yes, it adds up quickly when it multiplies itself like that. It is a fair proposition, isn't it?

BILLY (*getting excited*) If I could do it, if I could save fifty cents a week, it would be a dollar, wouldn't it?

MR. BATES. That is the way I figure it.

BILLY. Then it would only take me about a year to get my bicycle, with the stamps I already have!

MR. BATES. That is, if you do save fifty cents a week, and I know you can if you want to. It is only fair to warn you, however, that just at first it won't be very easy. There will be a good many weeks when you will not save a cent, for you are so used to spending on every little thing you happen to want. But after a while you will be so interested in

seeing your stamps grow that it will be more fun to save than to spend. You will get the thrift habit.

BILLY (*decidedly*). Father, I think I will do it! Yes, I will! I may not save very fast at first, but I'll try it.

MR. BATES. Good! I thought you would.

BILLY. And, father, if I could earn an extra stamp or two now and then by cutting lawns or shovelling snow, would you match those with some stamps?

MR. BATES. Certainly I would! Gladly! (*Pats Billy on the shoulder.*) And, Billy my son, I think you will find that you will enjoy helping to buy your own bicycle, even more than having me buy it outright for you.

## ACT II

Time: Six months later.

Scene: As in Act 1.

BILLY  
FRANK

EDITH  
ALICE

(*Billy is at his desk counting stamps on a thrift card. Frank, Edith, and Alice come in, stamping their feet and laughing and talking.*)

BILLY (*getting up*). Hullo, everybody!

ALL. Hullo, Billy!

FRANK. The snow is coming down good and fast. There'll be some jolly coasting in a day or so.

BILLY. Great! And people will want shovelling done by this afternoon, won't they?

FRANK. Yes, sir! A chance to make money.

EDITH. How are the stamps, Billy?

BILLY (*handing her the card*). Going like wild-fire! The old bike begins to look real to me. I have a new scheme now. At first I would buy my stamps at the end of the week with what I had left. Now I buy at least one stamp just as soon as I get my allowance, and then if I can save some more I buy another one later. In that way I am sure to have at least one saved.

ALICE. Clever boy! I think I'll do that too. Save first and spend afterwards!

FRANK. I wish I had done that, then I wouldn't have gone to that poor show yesterday. I was wishing all the time that I had my quarter back. If I had, I would have bought a stamp, I can tell you.



“I think I’ll do that too. Save first and spend afterwards!”

EDITH. What are you saving for, Frank?

FRANK. A wireless outfit. I am going to study electricity at high school and college, and I want to have a machine of my own. What are you girls going to do with yours?

ALICE. Mother and I are saving for my college course. In five years we can have a good big sum.

EDITH. You certainly can! Do you know, since we formed this Thrift Club, my sister in high school has saved almost enough to furnish her college room next year. Of course she will have second-hand furniture.

ALICE. But think what a help that will be!

EDITH. I should say so! I am saving for graduation, and for new clothes for high school. I shall need a new coat and a couple of dresses.

BILLY. Isn't it great to see the money grow? I don't think we miss any good times either, do you?

FRANK. No. Skating and baseball are as good as they ever were and they are free.

ALICE. And I am getting to be a champion walker since I have been saving carfares.

BILLY. I say, Frank, it has stopped snowing. I'm going to try to get some paths to shovel before the other fellows get around. Are you coming?

ALL. Yes, of course!

*(All scramble about for hats and coats and go out noisily.)*

### ACT III

Time: The following spring.

Scene: As in Acts I and II.

MR. BATES

BILLY

*(Billy is at the telephone, impatiently jiggling the hook.)*

BILLY. Main 769! Ring them again, will you? I know someone is there. *(Mr. Bates comes in quietly, sits down and opens his paper.)* . . . .Hullo! Hullo! . . . Is that you, Frank? Say, my bicycle has come! . . . Well, I guess it *is* a beauty! Come on over and see it. . . . What? . . . I can't. It's raining. . . . I guess *not!* Let it get *wet!* *(Grunts disgustedly.)* I think too much of my bicycle, let me tell you. All right. Hurry up!

*(Hangs up the receiver and turns around.)*

MR. BATES. Why did you make Frank come here, Billy? Why didn't you hop on your bicycle and ride to his house? Isn't that what it is for?

BILLY. Why, it's raining, father! I wouldn't take my new bicycle out in the rain!



MR. BATES. Why not? Isn't that what it is for? It won't hurt it.

BILLY. It might, and I don't intend to risk it. I'm going to take care of that bicycle. It cost \$70!

MR. BATES. I know it. Only \$70.

BILLY (*astonished*). Only \$70! Only! Do you think seventy-dollar bills—(*Stops in confusion, as Mr. Bates laughs.*) Oh, I see! (*Laughs also.*) Yes, I know I did think "only \$70," but I know better now. I bought part of this bicycle myself, and I know what it means.

MR. BATES. I'm glad to see you do. The appreciation of the value of money is a great thing, my son, and helps us to greater enjoyment of the things it will buy. Take care of your bicycle, Billy, and I know you will have a good time with it.

BILLY. I surely will, father, and I'm going to begin to save at once for a toboggan for next winter. (*Bell rings.*) There's Frank now!—Whee-ee!

FRANK. Wait till I show it to you!

(*Runs out. Mr. Bates goes back to his newspaper smiling.*)

## STAGING

What will you use for your telephone? Be careful to make a decided contrast between the discontented boy in Act I and the eager, interested boy in the following acts.

Give examples of the thrift of some of our great men of history. Read Benjamin Franklin's story, "Too Much for the Whistle," and discuss it. Give some thrift proverbs.

For what would you be interested in saving? In what ways are you extravagant? In what are you thrifty? What was the most extravagant thing you ever bought? Give examples of time thrift. Of health thrift.

# THE NATURALIZATION OF MR. A.B.C.

## A PLAY IN 2 ACTS

In the World War we were thrilled to read the names of our soldiers who had proved themselves heroes in fighting for the United States. Their names were of every nationality, but they were all American soldiers and American patriots, no matter to what former country they belonged.

So it is in peace. Thousands and thousands of our foreign-born citizens are as loyal and true to our flag and our government as if they were descendents of the Pilgrims or the Southern Cavaliers.

People may be born United States citizens or they may become citizens by naturalization. Let us see some of the things the government requires of a man who desires to become naturalized. In this play "A.B.C." stands for any foreign name you may wish to give the family, and "X" for the country from which you desire them to come.

### ACT I

Time: The present.

Scene: Kitchen in the home of the A.B.C.'s.

MR. A.B.C.

MARY

MRS. A.B.C.

JOHN

*(Mrs. A.B.C. is ironing near the stove, Mary*

*sewing buttons on her coat, John studying. Mr. A.B.C. enters, smiling.)*

MR. A.B.C. (*taking off his coat*). Well, I did it!

MARY and JOHN. Did what?

MRS. A.B.C. (*putting down iron quickly*). You 'ave become 'Merican cit'zen?

MR. A.B.C. (*laughing*). Not a real citizen yet, mother, but I have taken the first step.

JOHN. Oh, father! Have you taken out your "first papers"? Good.

MARY. Now we shall be real Americans.

JOHN (*knowingly*). Not yet, silly. He has to wait two years before he can take his final papers. This paper only says he *intends* to become a citizen sometime.

MR. A.B.C. It makes five years altogether that I have to live in America before I can be a citizen.

MRS. A.B.C. (*picking up iron and going to work*). What you 'ave to do today?

MR. A.B.C. Not so much today. I had to write out a paper which asked my name, age, and occupation. Then I had to write a description of myself—that means, what I look like, mother.

MRS. A.B.C. I 'ope you say you are 'andsomest man in world.

*(All laugh.)*

MR. A.B.C. Oh, mother, mother! You wouldn't want me to tell a lie. I had to swear that it was true.

MRS. A.B.C. Well, it true to me.

MARY. Of course it is, mother.

*(All laugh.)*

JOHN. What else, father?

MR. A.B.C. I had to say where I was born, year of birth, and when I emigrated to America, also the name of the ship I came over in.

JOHN. Did you tell them what a horrid old boat it was?

MARY. And how seasick we were?

JOHN. *You* were, you mean!

*(Mary tosses her head indignantly.)*

MR. A.B.C. Then I said that it was my intention to—to—It had some hard words here, but it meant to give up every other country, particularly X, of which I am now a citizen. It also asked when I arrived in America and the port of arrival.

MARY. Was that all?

MR. A.B.C. Not quite. I had to say that I was not an anarchist——

JOHN (*indignantly*). I should say not!

MARY. Did they think you would try to destroy this wonderful government?

JOHN. We are going to be citizens who will protect, not harm, the country, aren't we, father?

MR. A.B.C. Yes, and that is what they wanted to know. Also that I am not a polygamist.

MARY. What's that?

MR. A.B.C. A man who has more than one wife.

MRS. A.B.C. (*dropping the iron and putting her hands on her hips*). Who say you've two wive? Who?

MR. A.B.C. (*laughing*). No one, mother.

MRS. A.B.C. Well, just show me who say it, that's all!

MR. A.B.C. No one would say that. I have too good a wife to want another one, haven't I, children?

MARY and JOHN. That you have! I should say so!

MARY (*taking the iron away from her mother*).

Sit down, mother dear. I'll finish the ironing.

*(A sharp whistle is heard outside, and a voice calling, "A.B.C.!")*

JOHN. The postman! Something for us! *(Runs out.)*

MR. A.B.C. Then I had to swear that everything I said was true, and that was all.

MARY. And two years from now you take out your "final papers." I see how it is.

MRS. A.B.C. And me? Do I 'ave to make paper too? That hard for me. You know I no speak the English good.

MR. A.B.C. Oh no, mother. When I become a citizen that makes my wife and all my children under twenty-one years American citizens also.

MRS. A.B.C. *(relieved)*. That good!

*(John comes in with a letter which he waves in the air.)*

JOHN. Letter for Mr. A.B.C. from the United States Naturalization Bureau!

*(All look excited and examine the envelope.)*

MRS. A.B.C. Perhaps you so good man they make you citizen right away!



“Letter for Mr. A.B.C. from the United States  
Naturalization Bureau.”

MR. A.B.C. (*laughing*). No, they couldn't do that,  
even if they wanted to. John, open it. You read  
better than I do.

JOHN (*opening it and reading*).



Dear Sir :

You have taken steps to become a citizen of the United States, therefore the United States Government is especially interested in your welfare and the United States Bureau of Naturalization is sending this letter to you, as it desires to show you how you can become an American citizen. It also wants to help you get a better position that pays you more money for your work. In order to help you to learn of the many advantages which will come to you from being a citizen of the United States and to help you to better yourself, it has sent your name to the public schools in your city, and the superintendent of these schools has promised to teach you the things which you should know to help you get a better position. If you will go to the public school building nearest where you live, the teachers will tell you what nights you can go to school and the best school for you to go to. You will not be put in a class with boys and girls, but with grown people. The teaching which you will receive in the school will help you get a better job and also make you able to pass the examination in court when you come to get your citizenship papers.

You should call at the schoolhouse as soon as you receive this letter, so that you may start to learn and be able to get a better job as soon as possible.

Very truly yours,

COMMISSIONER OF NATURALIZATION.

There now, father, what do you think of that!

MR. A.B.C. (*nodding his head slowly*). Mother, John, Mary, this is a great country. It wants you to get a good job, it wants you to get more money, it wants you to know many things and to be a better man. It does not take things away from you or try to keep you down as some countries do.

JOHN. No, sir! It wants us to make the best of ourselves, men and women.

MR. A.B.C. Tonight I shall go to the school and find out what I must do to learn to be a good citizen.

MARY and JOHN. That's right, father.

MARY. And mother can go too to learn to speak good English.

MRS. A.B.C. Me! Can I go?

ALL. Of course you can.

MRS. A.B.C. (*excitedly, standing up*). I get supper now. Mary, you set table all pretty, the way you learn in the school. For now we are 'Mericans and must live like the 'Mericans.

(*All start bustling around, John putting his books away, Mr. A.B.C. hanging up his coat, Mary spreading the tablecloth, etc.*)

## ACT II

Time: Two years later.

Scene: Naturalization court.

MR. A.B.C.

NATURALIZATION OFFICER

OFFICER. A.B.C., are you prepared to take the examination for naturalization?

MR. A.B.C. Yes, sir.

OFF. Do you speak English?

MR. A.B.C. Yes, sir. I go to night school and learn to read and write English, to know the history of this country, and many other good things.

OFF. That is the kind of citizen we want. Now I shall ask you questions. What is the United States?

MR. A.B.C. It is a union of forty-eight states.

OFF. How is the United States governed?

MR. A.B.C. By the President and Congress.

OFF. Who makes the laws of the country?

MR. A.B.C. Congress.

OFF. Who makes the state laws?

MR. A.B.C. The state legislature.

OFF. Who makes the laws of your city? (Or town.)

MR. A.B.C. The Aldermen or the City Council.  
(The Selectmen.)

OFF. Who is the head of the United States, of the state, of the city?

MR. A.B.C. The President, the Governor, the Mayor.

OFF. Name the two branches of Congress.

MR. A.B.C. The Senate and the House of Representatives.

OFF. How many Senators are there from each state, who elects them, and for how long?

MR. A.B.C. Two Senators from each state, elected by the people of the state for six years.

OFF. How many United States Representatives from each state, who elects them and for how long?

MR. A.B.C. The number depends on the population of the state, and the people elect them for two years.

OFF. Good! How is the population known?

MR. A.B.C. A census is taken every ten years.

OFF. How is the President elected?

MR. A.B.C. By the people of the entire country through electors.

OFF. What are the three branches of the United States government, and who performs each office?

MR. A.B.C. Executive, legislative, and judicial. The President is the executive, congress the legislative, and the Supreme Court the judicial.

OFF. What is the fundamental governing law of the United States?

MR. A.B.C. The Constitution of the United States.

*[Any similar or further questions of civics or history may be asked as desired.]*

OFF. A.B.C., you have passed an excellent examination. *(Opens a printed paper in front of him.)* Now if you will make out this paper and swear to it, you will be a full citizen of the United States.

MR. A.B.C. And I will try to be one who obeys her laws, elects good men to her offices, and will love and protect her in war and in peace.

OFF. If you do that, it is all your country will ask of you and you will be a good and loyal citizen of the United States of America.

*(Mr. A.B.C. begins to read the paper and to write what it asks.)*

## STAGING

Board eraser for iron? You do not need to learn the letter. You can copy it and read it from the paper.

Why did the rest of the family speak better English than Mrs. A.B.C.? What does your community do to help educate its foreign-speaking members, those forced to leave school at an early age, working and ambitious people?

What is an anarchist? Why is the United States anxious to keep anarchists out of the country. What kinds of people does the government refuse to admit? What kind is it pleased to have come here? Should a born or a naturalized citizen be more grateful to this country? Give reasons for your answer.

So, native or foreign-born, let us love our country. Let us, in whatever our walk of life, do our best to protect and cherish her. And when we see our glorious flag flying free and unstained by dishonor or tyranny, let us thank God that we are citizens of the grandest country on earth, the United States of America.

CENTRAL CIRCULATION  
CHILDREN'S ROOM











